THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1869. BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913. Vol .44 No. 36

JOHN UZZLE IS DEAD: WAS RUGGED PIONEER

Well Known Citizen of Snow Shoe Passed Away Tuesday.

HAD HOST OF FRIENDS

Conducted Washington House 49 Years —In Early Life was Blacksmith—Born in Wales—Came to this Country When a Boy.

John G. Uzzle, one of Snow Shoe's pioneer citizens, a man known from one end of the county to the other and one who was liked by all, died at 1.10 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. He had been in ill health since February, at which time he suffered a bad fall. About 3 o'clock Tuesday morning he was seized with a stroke of paralysis, and from that time on he gradually became weaker until he passed away. Blessed with a remarkably vigorous constitution, a genial, happy nature that won and retained friends everywhere, John Uzzle was in every sense of the word a part of the growth and development of Snow Shoe. He was the central figure in many stirring scenes in his home community and in all that he did it was a matter of pride to him that he was able to fight his own battles whatever they might be. A diamond in the rough some might describe him. His was a friendship that was as true as steel. Little acts of kindness to others were a part of his way of living. He enjoyed life to the utmost and when he succumbed to the inevitable he had lived to the ripe age of eighty years.

It was in a little town in Wales that John Uzzle was born on March 17, 1833. He was but eight or nine years old when he came to this country, his folks located in Karthaus township, Clearfield County. Back in the Fifties John went to Snow Shoe, established himself there and made that place his home to the day of his death. In his earlier years he was a blacksmith. About forty nine years ago he engaged in the hotel business, taking the famous old Washington House and conducting it to the time when a few months ago his health necessitated his turning over the active management to others.

Twice married, John Uzzle leaves several sons and daughters to survive him. His first wife was Elizabeth Etters, who died 39 years ago. Children of this union surviving are George and James Uzzle, of Snow Shoe. His second wife was Eliza Watson, who survives, with these children: Rebecca, wife of James Russell; Loreno, wife of Edward Bland, of Snow Shoe; Josephine, wife of Melvin Derr, of Tyrone; Ivy, wife Lemuel Zindel, of Snow Shoe' and John G. Uzzle, Jr., at home.

Funeral servicrs will be held at Snow Shoe Friday at one o'clock. Interment will be made in the Askey cemetery.

AUTOS COLLIDED

Two Cars Crash Head-on During Week of County Fair.

During all the heavy traffic between Bellefonte and the fair grounds last week there was but one accident to amount to anything. On Thursday afternoon the automobiles of Frank Bartley, of Bellefonte, and D. A. Boozer, of Centre Hall, collided, head-on, on the Milesburg pike, just below the lime kilns. The Boozer car was driven by James Fetterhoff. Both machines were being used as hacks in conveying passengers to and from the fair grounds.

Bartley's car, with a number of passengers aboard, was heading toward town, while Boozer's car also filled with passengers, was moving toward the fair grounds. Fetterhoff turned his car to the left to pass several buggies ahead. Bartley's car was on that side of the road and the two machines came together with a crash. With the exception of Merrill Knapp all of the occupants of the Bartley car were tossed into the road, while those in the Boozer car were not thrown out. Luther Fishburn, clerk in Green's drug store, was cut about the arm, but aside from this nobody was injured. Both cars were badly damaged in front and were pulled to one side of the road where they remained until evening, when they were towed to the repair shop.

Thursday was a record-breaking day for the fair, an enormous crowd being in attendance. The weather was intensely hot, but the attendance was beyond all expectations. Friday's crowd was largely a racing one, that being the day for the popular free-for-all.

COMPOSITOR WANTED.

A compositor is wanted at The Republican office. Good wages.

WASHINGTON ENROLLMENT BELOW REPUBS. & DEMS.

Totals: Republicans, 3697; Democrats, 4034; Washington, 489.

600 ARE DISQUALIFIED

Registration Lists Reveal Large Number of Voters Disqualified at Primaries for Failure to Declare Party Affiliation.

"The Republican" has made a recapitulation of the returns just filed by Registration Assessors showing the party enrollment in all of the districts in Centre County and finds the total enrollment of the Democratic, Republican and Washington parties to be as follows:

Democratic	**4034**
Republican	**3997**
Washington	**489**

In the foregoing totals that for the Washington party includes all voters enrolled as Bull Moose or Progressive.

In November, last, the vote of the several parties in Centre County was as follows:

Democratic	3457
Republican	1496
Washington	2071
Progressive	378
Bull Moose	283

The combined vote of the Washington, Progressive and Bull Moose parties last November was 2732, or 2243 more than the combined enrollment of Washington, Progressive and Bull Moose voters at the registration just completed.

Examination of the registration lists from the several districts over the county reveals that upward of 500 or 600 voters are registered but not enrolled and therefore cannot vote at the primaries next Tuesday except for such candidates as appear on the non-partisan ballot. Illustrations of this condition are aptly shown by the registration lists from the West and South precincts of Spring township. In the West precinct 115 voters are registered but not enrolled, while at the South precinct there are 87. The lists show that in some instances voters refused to declare their party affiliation, but for the most part the lists specify that voters were furnished with certificates to be filled out giving their party affiliation but that such certificates were not returned to the registration assessors. The result is, however, the same, for such voters are thereby disqualified from voting at next Tuesday's primaries for other than candidates for Judge of the Superior Court.

The fact that a person is not enrolled for the primaries will not disqualify him from voting at the election in November.

Centre County Volunteers Helped Perry Whip British 100 Years Ago Yesterday

One hundred years ago yesterday—September 10, 1812—a group of Centre County volunteers aided Commodore Perry in his notable victory over the British fleet on Lake Erie. A few weeks ago we published in this column a brief review of the departure of Centre Countians to join Perry's fleet. We are indebted to Mrs. H. C. Valentine of Bellefonte, for the following historical resume of the part played by the Centre County volunteers in that epoch-making battle, the one.hundredth anniversary of which was celebrated in appropriate manner at Erie. One of the many interesting features at the celebration was the reproduction of the famous old powder wagon which is said to have passed through Centre County enroute to Erie a century ago.

As early as July 15th, 1807 a number of inhabitants of Centre County, met at the Court House for the purpose of expressing their sentiments on the attack made by the British frigate "Leopard" on the United States frigate "Chesapeake" and pledged themselves to "support with alacrity such measures as our Goverment shall think proper for the purpose of avenging this outrage," etc.

They also approved of the proclamation made by the President and enjoined upon the young men of Centre County "to form themselves into military companies and to be ready at a moment's notice or warning to march to the scene of action." A copy of the resolutions was directed to be sent to the President, and a Committee of Correspondence appointed, consisting of Col. James Dunlop, Thomas Burnside, Roland Curtin and others.

Centre County History seems to have been a blank until in September 1812 a rifle company left Centre County commanded by Captain Joseph Kleckner but no roll of this company has been preserved.

In 1813 Captain George Records commanded a company of ninety-nine (99) volunteers whose names are recorded in Linn's History and on the Soldiers Monument in our Public Square, making a total of 173. Dr. Constans Curtin, father of the late Dr. Roland Curtin, was a surgeon and with a number of others is buried in the Union Cemetery.

William Armor, a fifer, and Dr. Bayard were buried with military honors. There are a number buried in Centre County whose names are not on the Monument.

In our midst today there are five living children of volunteers of this war linking us to it. From Egles "Notes and Queries" I quote the following:

The Legislature of 1813-14 held their meetings in the Court House at Harrisburg and did honor to Captain Perry (afterwards Commodore) and Captain Elliot for the victory achieved by them over the British fleet on Lake Erie, Sept. 10th, 1813, by ordering a gold medal to be struck and presented to them.

The original resolution on this subject was presented in the Senate by Hon. Thomas Burnside of the Centre and Lycoming District.

As originally presented it contained only the names of Captains Perry and Elliot but the name of Lieut. John J. Yarnall was added by the House.

The resolutions were adopted finally January 11th, 1814, and read partly as follows:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, that the Governor be and he is hereby requested to convey the thanks of the Government of this Commonwealth to Captain Oliver Hazard Perry for the brilliant action in which he succeeded in capturing his Brittanic Majesty's Fleet on Lake Erie, and likewise to procure for a present to him in compliment of the said victory, a gold medal of fine workmanship, emblematically finished with the flag of our Country and voting him as Commander in Chief; with such other devices as the Governor shall direct."

"A gold medal was likewise voted to Master Commandant Jesse Duncan Elliot and Lieutenant John J. Yarnall.

"To each of the Volunteer Soldiers on board the American Squadron on Lake Erie on this occasion a silver medal of the value of two dollars (2.00) was voted in compliment of their patriotism and bravery."

While several Centre County soldiers were honored in receiving a medal one of Records' Company, by name of John Lucas, who died in Snow Shoe in 1858, aged ninety years, received special notoriety by being always called "Perry John" Lucas to distinguish him from others of the same name—Linn's History gives a cut of the medal with Perry's bust engraved on the obverse side and Oliverus Hazard Perry Pro Patria Vicit around outer circle below presented by the Governor of Pennsylvania—while on the reverse side are Perry's utterance, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," within a wreath of leaves inscribed to John Lucas, in testimony of his patriotism and bravery in the naval action on Lake Erie September 10, 1813.

Captain George Records died in 1830 in Huston township and was buried in Brown's graveyard.

Sara Burnside Valentine

Peaches! Peaches!

Fancy Elbertas, the best for canning. Have your grocer deliver you a bushel from the Lauderbach Barber car next week.

Enrollment of Voters in Centre County.

BOROUGHS AND DISTRICTS.		DEM.	REP.	WASH.
Bellefonte	North ward	111	198	47
	South ward	155	209	10
	West ward	66	56	13
Centre Hall borough		106	43	3
Howard borough		49	91	11
Milesburg borough		23	87	1
Millheim borough		94	24	0
Philipsburg	First ward	55	95	37
	Second ward	94	146	27
	Third Ward	69	147	5
South Philipsburg		30	38	2
State College borough		147	194	29
Snow Shoe borough		51	28	25
Unionville borough		27	35	23
Benner Twp	North precinct	60	48	13
	South precinct	27	33	2
Boggs Twp	North precinct	18	28	0
	Eastern precinct	32	45	2
	Western precinct	43	85	3
Burnside township		22	20	18
College township		108	133	6
Curtin Twp	North precinct	23	38	10
	South precinct	50	50	0
Ferguson Twp	Eastern precinct	162	105	2
	Western precinct	34	64	3
Gregg Twp	Northern precinct	58	11	1
	Eastern precinct	113	25	0
	Western precinct	134	50	1
Halfmoon township		25	88	3
Haines Twp	Eastern precinct	79	33	0
	Western precinct	107	50	6
Harris township	East precinct	54	26	0
	West precinct	63	43	8
Howard township		56	96	1
Huston township		73	89	13
Liberty Twp	East precinct	68	149	0
	West precinct	4	8	2
Marion township		70	44	2
Miles Twp	Eastern precinct	48	20	0
	Middle precinct	127	36	3
	Western precinct	66	8	0
Patton township		51	87	3
Penn township		175	31	0
Potter Twp	Northern precinct	92	27	1
	Southern precinct	87	32	6
	Western precinct	84	7	0
Rush Twp	Northern precinct	92	139	4
	Eastern precinct	26	28	5
	Southern precinct	25	94	14
	Western precinct	78	86	7
Snow Shoe Twp	Eastern precinct	48	89	0
	Western precinct	49	47	2
Spring Twp	Northern precinct	38	60	6
	Southern precinct	81	85	7
	Western precinct	39	41	11
Taylor township		13	99	1
Union township		38	32	61
Walker Twp	East precinct	50	35	9
	Middle precinct	62	22	4
	West precinct	65	28	1
Worth township		45	103	5
Total		4034	3997	489

REPUBLICAN TRIUMPH

Splendid Victory Over Wilson Administration in Maine.

The first battle at the polls in which President Wilson's new tariff bill was on trial was held in Maine on Monday and resulted in a Republican triumph. The contest was of nation-wide importance owing to the principles involved. President Wilson and his whole administration plunged into the contest to prevent a vote adverse to the new tariff measure, but they could not combat the Republican tide which has been gaining in force the country over from the day Congress convened in special session.

Monday's test of strength was regarded by all as one which would reveal to the country the relative positions of the several parties since Wilson's election as President. The congressional district in which the test was made was that in which James G. Blaine waged many a historic campaign. Last November the district gave Taft 6,611; Wilson, 13, 131, and Roosevelt, 12,528.

Two years ago the district gave Goodwin, Rep., for Congress 17,221 and Gould, Dem. 16,512. On Monday the district elected John A. Peters to Congress over Pattangall, Dem. and Lawrence, Progressive. The combined strength of the Wilson administration was solidly arrayed behind Pattangall. The vote was: Peters, 13,762; Pattangall, 13,144, and Lawrence, 6, 037.

During the course of the campaign Secretary of State Bryan, Speaker Clark, Secretary Redfield and numerous other Democrats of prominence spoke in behalf of Pattangall. President Wilson wrote a personal letter of indorsemen of Pattengall for use among the voters. The latter were impressed with the fact that the administration of President Wilson and his tariff bill were on trial, and on this issue the matter went to the polls.

OFFICIAL PROGRAM FOR GRANGERS NEXT WEEK

Busy Times Planned for Picnic at Centre Hall.

OPENING ON SATURDAY

Camp Grounds in Readiness for Farmers From Over the County—Exhibits of Livestock and Machinery to Surpass Former Years.

Following is the official program for the grangers picnic, at Centre Hall:

Saturday Sept.13—Opening of camp for reception of tenters and business men.

7.30 p. m.—A grand opening entertainment in the auditorium.

Sunday Sept. 14—2.30 p. m. Harvest Home celebration in the auditorium. Anniversary address by Miss Anna B. Taft of New York, representative of the Country Life Association.

Monday Sept. 15th—Opening of Exhibition and placing of exhibits.

7.30 p. m.—Moving picture entertainment.

Tuesday Sept. 16th—Soldiers Reunion.

7.30 p. m.—Entertainment in auditorium.

Wednesday Sept. 17th—Children's Day.

1.30 p. m.—Play Demonstration under the management of the Y. M. C. A. of State College.

3 p. m.—Illustrated lecture on tuberculosis, by an official of the State Health Department.

7.30 p. m.—Moving picture entertainment.

Thursday Sept. 18th, 10 a. m.—Addresses by R. P. Kester, Lecturer of the State Grange; Dr. Hannah McK. Lyons, Ceres of the State Grange; James Foust, Dairy and Food Commissioner, and David Prichard, President of the United Sportsmen of Pennsylvania.

1.30 p. m.—Addresses by Wm. T. Creasy, Master of the State Grange, and Boies Penrose, United States Senator.

7.30 p. m.—Picture entertainment.

Friday Sept. 19th—General sale day and closing of exhibits.

RAILROAD TRAIN SERVICE

Excursion rates will be given over all railroads in Pennsylvania, including Baltimore Md., and Elmira N. Y. All trains stop at Grange Park. Special trains Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

R. R. SCHEDULE

Regular trains leave Bellefonte at 6:30 a. m., arriving at Grange Park at 7:14 a. m.; leave Bellefonte at 1:40 p. m., arriving at Grange Park at 2:32 p. m.

Regular trains leave Coburn at 7:42 a. m. arrives at Grange Park 8:14 a. m.; leaving Coburn at 3:09 p. m. arrives at Grange Park at 3:42 p. m.

Regular trains leave Grange Park for Bellefonte at 8:14 a. m.; and 3:42 p. m.

Regular trains leave Grange Park for Coburn at 7:14 a. m.; and 2:32 p. m.

Special trains on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday leave Bellefonte at 10 a. m., arrive at Grange Park at 10:50 a. m.; leave Bellefonte 6.30 p. m., arrive at Grange Park at 7:20 p. m. Leave Grange Park for Bellefonte 9:45 p. m.; leave Grange Park for Coburn at 7:30 p. m.

Extra special trains, on Thursday only, leave Bellefonte at 6:35 a. m., arrive at Grange Park at 7:00 a. m. Leave Coburn at 7:07 a. m., arrive at Grange Park 7:50 a. m.

William Keichline Weds.

The wedding bells were ringing merrily on Monday for William W. Keichline, one of Bellefonte's popular young business men and son of Mr. and Mrs. P. F Keichline. At one o'clock on Monday afternoon he was married in Lock Haven to Mrs. Roxie E. Ralston, also of Bellefonte. The ceremony was performed at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ottway, East Main Street, Lock Haven, by Rev. Dr. A. Lawrence Miller, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church. The groom is proprietor of the Big Spring Garage in Bellefonte. He is a young man of sterling worth and has a host of admiring friends who wish him and his bride the greatest happiness and prosperity.

Tariff Bill Passed.

The United States Senate on Tuesday finally passed the Wilson low tariff bill. The vote was 44 to 37. The bill contains lower rates than originally inserted by the House. It now goes into conference committee, representing both branches of Congress, and will likely reach the President in about two weeks.

HOSPITAL'S THANKS FOR FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Many Remembered Institution With Liberal Gifts.

ALSO JELLIES, JAMS, ETC.

Management Expresses Grateful Appreciation of Contributions from Individuals and also Bellefonte Reformed Church.

The Bellefonte Hospital management extends grateful thanks for numerous and liberal gifts of fruits and vegetables in the last few days. Quite a number of residents of and nearby Bellefonte and other towns were among the contributors. Appreciation is also extended by the hospital management to the Bellefonte Reformed church congregation for the Harvest Home donation. Individual contributors included the following:

BELLEFONTE.

Jeff Tressler, R. F. D., 13 plates; John Mills, 9 plates; Oliver Witmer, 38 plates; Mrs. A. G. Grove, 16 plates; D. H. Shivery, 5 plates; Samuel Decker 40 plates; A. C. Mingle, 4 plates; Victor L. L. Meyer, 12 plates; William C. Hoffman, 20 plates; H. F. Tibbens, 9 plates; Gertie Houser, 37 plates.

STATE COLLEGE.

William Baird, 22 plates; Mable Kline, R. F. D., No. 2, 17 plates.

BUFFALO RUN.

Miss Lulu Markley, 12 plates.

ZION.

Herman Keen, 50 plates.

CURTIN.

C. L. Pletcher, 6 plates; George H. Musser, 24 plates; J. A. Korman, 45 plates.

HOWARD.

Mrs. William B. Johnston, 6 plates.

OAK HALL.

Mrs. Elmer S. Louder, 18 plates.

PLEASANT GAP.

Samuel Noll, 30 plates.

Contributors of jellies, bread and cake included Mrs. D. H. Shivery, Mrs. John McSuley, Miss Lulu Markley, Miss Josie Decker and Miss Marion Dukeman.

SUSTAINS JAMES WITMER

Judge Hall in Opinion Upholds Acts of Son of Wm. Witmer.

Jude Harry Alvan Hall, of Elk County, who presided in the Centre County court in the Witmer case, several days ago handed down an opinion refusing an injunction to restrain James C. Witmer from exercising a power of attorney to handle the estate of his father, the late William Witmer, and placing the costs on the petitioners. The case originated prior to the death of William Witmer and was brought by his daughters, Nannie Fellding and Maggie Thomas, and the several adult child-dren of Jennie Korman, a deceased daughter.

Inasmuch as William Witmer is dead and his estate disposed of by a will, the only effect of Judge Hall's opinion will be to dispose of the costs in the case and also validate the several acts of James Witmer before his father died. In his opinion Judge Hall held that the court was obliged to find William Witmer compostmentis at the time he gave the power of attorney to his son "for the reason that a Court of Equity has no jurisdiction to find him otherwise." The costs are the daughters.

Must Aid Fire Wardens.

Men summoned by fire wardens to aid in extinguishing forest fires must respond or give a legal excuse, according to a decision of the Bedford County courts. In that county last spring a man summoned by a fire warden refused to respond. He was prosecuted before a magistrate and fined, the fine and costs amounting to $60. Several days ago the magistrate's decision was upheld by the courts. In Lycoming County a man who camped on State lands and refused to take out a permit was fined $25 and costs.

Thaw Free; Re-arrested.

Harry Thaw, arrested in Canada after escaping from Matteawan asylum several weeks ago, was early yesterday morning secretly taken by the Canadian Immigration officials into Vermont and turned loose. No officers were on hand to arrest Thaw and he hired an automobile and departed for parts unknown. Several hours later Thaw was re-arrested in New Hampshire.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

The Crops.

Crops reports to BRADSTREET'S show good advices as to spring wheat and oats threshings, poor reports as to corn in the south west generally and deterioration in Texas and Oklahoma cotton, but good advices generally from the rest of the belt. Taken as a whole, the reports fail to indicate the widespread damage indicated by the government report on cotton, and southern corn, sugar and rice crops are good.

Reports as to corn vary from the 15 to 20 per cent, of normal crops indicated in southern Kansas to the 34 to 40 per cent estimates of Oklahoma and Nebraska south of the Platte. On the other hand, Iowa reports are better, and in the northern and central parts of that state only very slight decreases from last year are indicated. The corn crop west of the Missouri river is a poor one, but farmers are saving most of the stalks by use of silos. The yield of grain is reported trifling. Premature ripening is complained of as a result of high temperatures this week in many sections. Reduced crop estimates have been again much in market evidence, but these lose some of their force because of early underestimation by the same authorities of spring wheat, now turning out better than earlier indicated. Estimates of the crop in the three northwestern states are placed at 200,000,000 bushels, or about what was indicated in this column in July.

Oats threshings have improved, and that crop is probably in excess of 1,000 000,000 bushels.

Cotton reports from Texas are of drought and hot weather, and that state's yield is now placed at 4,000,000 bales, as against 5,000,000 bales a month ago, though the reservation is made that a rain before September 10 should cause an increase in the lower estimate. Oklahoma's crop is placed at 40 per cent. of last year. In the lower Mississippi valley and in the Memphis district, while some deterioration is reported, the statement is subjoined that the yield will still be the best for some years past. Some complaints come from Alabama and Georgia, but the crop outlook as a whole east of the Mississippi is better than a year ago.

Found Relic of Civil War.

The Jersey Shore Herald says: Hon. J. H. McKinney has just returned from Frederic, Md., where he was visiting his brother, Dr. D. F. McKinney, for the past two weeks. Mr. McKinney reports that his brother, who had a leg amputated some months ago, is getting along nicely and he will again regain his health.

The Judge brought home with him a unique relic of the old Civil War days. It is the remnants of a heel off a shoe and was found in the woods on his brother's farm. He states that about 52 years ago the rebel army visited Frederic and across the river a hard battle was fought. They entered the town and demanded $200 for shoes and it was given them. The shoes were purchased and then the army retired to the woods, which is now on his brother's farm, and there proceeded to discard their old shoes and don the new foot wear. On his visit the Judge was taken to the spot in the woods where the exchange took place and by scratching around with a stick he dug up a part of a heel from one of the discarded shoes. It is in a good state of preservation.

Guest of Uncle Sam.

William Force, an aged resident of Curwensville, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to be the guest of the government during the celebration of the arrival there of the Niagara, of the Perry fleet, in the war of 1812. Mr. Force's father, Peter Force, served on the Erie Station during the war of 1812 as is shown by the records. This record was obtained through the efforts of Congressman Patton from Secretary Daniels and when the secretary learned that a son of the Peter Force referred to in the record was living in Curwensville, he immediately forwarded him an order for transportation to Buffalo and a large number of letters and orders showing him to be an honored guest of the government during his stay in Buffalo.

$25 Prize for Poster.

A prize poster contest will be conducted by the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. Twenty-five dollars is offered for the best Pennsylvania Suffrage poster received at State Headquarters, 201 Arcade Building, Harrisburg, on or before October 24th. Students in Art Schools and Colleges are invited to compete in this contest. The date for closing is set for October 24th in order that all the posters may be exhibited at the State Suffrage Convention in Pittsburg, October 28th—30th.

New Lighting System.

Lock Haven is about to install the modern boulevard lighting system and to have it in readiness in about six weeks. The system involves the removal of all wires and poles from the business streets to alleys. Iron standards will be erected, carrying clusters of lights such as are in use in the Court House diamond, in Bellefonte.

To Test Mechanic Law.

A test of the new mechanic's lien law s to be made in Carbon county.

RESULTS THAT REMAIN.

Are Appreciated by Bellefonte People.

Thousands who suffer from back ache and kidney complaint have tried one remedy after another, finding only temporary benefit. This is discouraging, but there is one kidney medicine that has earned a reputation for lasting results and there is plenty of proof of its merit right here in Bellefonte.

Here is the testimony of one who used Doan's Kidney Pills years ago, and now makes his testimony even stronger.

William E. Haines, Sunny Side St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "The public s tate ment I gave Doan's Kidney Pills some years ago still holds good, as the cure has been permanent. In 1890 I began to suffer from lameness in my back, and a dull, lingering ache in my loins that made it hard for me to work. I did not rest well and was at a loss to know what to do. After trying a number of remedies without being benefited, I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box. They proved to be just the remedy I required, removing my trouble in a short time. I have been fully convinced of the curative powers of Doan's Kidney Pills.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's

Real Estate Transfers.

Michael Kerstetter to A. M. Kerstetter tract of land in Spring Twp. $1600.

Thomas Foster et al to Lena C. Cornwell, tract of land in College Twp. $400.

Anne I. Blanchard et al to John M. Shugert, premises in Bellefonte. $4650.

C. H. Weaver et ux to Henry Fye, tract of land in Burnside Twp. $120.

Milton Kunes to Harry C. Kunes, house & lot in Liberty Twp. $700.

Ann F. McHugh to Martin Buyniak, tract of land in Rush Twp. $175.

M. R. Johnston et ux to Margaret G. Coxey, tract of land in Bellefonte. $275.

Harry E. Cox et al to Martha E. Cox, tract of land in Liberty Twp. $300.

Charles Lucas to Mary Heaton, tract of land in Boggs Twp. $1.

Annie E. Stoneroad to Lemuel C. Zindel, tract of land in Snow Shoe Boro. $1200.

W. B. Miles et ux to L. T. Eddy, tract of land in Milesburg. $1000.

Catherine A. Hoy to Susan McClintic, tract of land in Marion Twp. $600.

John Hamilton et ux to Ray D. Gilliland tract of land in State College. $600.

John Hamilton et ux to Ray. D. Gilliland, tract of land in State College. $500.

Henry F. Kessinger to Penna R. R. Co. tract of land in Liberty Twp. $300.

J. K. Johnston Admr. to James L. Bailey, tract of land in Boggs Twp. $150.

James L. Bailey et ux to John Luppert tract of land in Boggs Twp. $450.

Autoist Paid Damage.

Mrs. Chronister, wife of ex-Sheriff Chronister, of Martha Furnace, was slightly hurt early last Wednesday afternoon as were two of her children when an automobile struck and upset their carriage at Hannah Furnace, near Tyrone. A New York motorist, carrying license 66,605 of New York state and driving from Elmira to Patton, happened along and when the car was about to pass the carriage the horse shied in front of the machine and before it could be stopped there was a collision in which the carriage was upset and damaged and its occupants thrown out. The motorist stopped, took the woman and children to a house at Hannah and after finding out that they were not seriously hurt proceeded on his way.

The tourists reached Tyrone about 2 o'clock and were very much surprised when the car was stopped and the occupants placed under arrest. Burgess Grazier had received a telephone message from Martha to arrest and hold those in charge of the car for $50.

The car was in charge of a lady and as she did not have that amount in ready cash, she had one of the local bankers telephone her banking house in New York and had arrangements made for the transfer of the money. Before leaving Tyrone she stated she didn't want to get away and that she was satisfied to pay that amount demanded in order that those injured would be perfectly satisfied.

Warns Against Clever Thief.

All Pennsylvania railroad police have received notice from Superintendent of Police Harper, of Philadelphia, warning them to be on the lookout for a smooth stranger who is working a game along the Pennsy lines. The man is a crook of a high order and is well dressed, so that his detection will likely be a hard matter.

The man secures a seat in a Pullman car and places a hand bag nearby. When he reaches a terminal, he turns his bag over to the porter of the car and then makes it a point to be the first passenger from the car.

The porter knows that he has a bag, and the stranger is generally allowed to select a bag from the lot that has been taken from the car. He selects the most likely looking one and makes his getaway in the confusion that is always present when a train draws into a terminal.

The thief has successfully worked the game several times, and a close lookout will be kept for him in this part of the country.

A Russian Episode

In Which a Passport Plays an Important Part

By EDWARD R. CHANDLER

At twenty-two years of age I found myself with a fortune and my own mistress. My parents had died when I was a little girl, and I was brought up by an aunt, who had a family of her own and was not sorry when I became independent of her, though she had nothing to do with my support. For some years it has been considered quite allowable for American girls of independent character and means to travel abroad by themselves without escort. Acting upon this, I resolved to see the world.

After visiting those countries in Europe that are a common ground for tourists I became curious to see Russia. I was warned to keep away from the snowy empire on account of the revolutionary troubles infesting it, but this only heightened my desire to visit it. I saw no reason why I should have any trouble. I had no desire to depose the czar and if I had would never have thought of contributing my puerile powers to that end. Before leaving America I had received a passport from the state department, and, though I had had no occasion to use it in other countries, I knew that I would need it in Russia.

But before going there I resolved to learn something of the Russian language. I spent a winter in Florence, Italy, where I found a teacher, and by spring was enabled to converse fairly well in Russian. Had I not been thus prepared I should not have this story to tell, for the story came from making an acquaintance, and I could not have very well made, or at least retained, the acquaintance without being able to speak Russian.

After passing by train the border of the empire a young girl who got into my compartment was good enough to answer questions I asked about St. Petersburg, giving me information as to where I might abide. Girl tourists seldom go to hotels; they almost always stop at pensions or apartments, and the greatest drawback to their journeying alone is arriving at a town not knowing of such a house in which to locate.

The Russian girl told me that she was going to St. Petersburg without a chaperon and had been provided ahead with apartments by friends. When she heard that I was an American she seemed to take an especial interest in me, asking me about my country and how to get there. I noticed her studying my features and my general appearance, but why she did so I was at a loss to know. Before we reached the capital I was surprised at her proposing to share her apartments with me during my stay there. Since I must go among strangers anyway and had become favorably impressed with her I told her that I would be greatly obliged for the privilege of staying with her, at least till I could find permanent quarters.

I found the apartments very comfortable. I supposed they were expensive and questioned my friend about the rental. She replied that she did not know; I need give myself no concern about that; I might pay her whatever I liked. But I did not let the matter drop till I had arranged the price, and since I saw no occasion to hunt for another lodging I settled myself where I was for an indefinite stay. We were served by a cook and a chambermaid. There were four bedrooms, though we needed but two. Indeed, we were provided with every comfort.

My friend's name was Catherine. Her other name being very hard to pronounce I do not give it here. Like most of her countrymen, she was very fair both in hair and complexion. There was an uneasy, restless look in her eye which did not correspond with naturally passive features. Why she came to St. Petersburg, who were the friends who had provided her with these apartments, what she was doing at the capital, she did not tell me. No one ever came to see her, but I fancied that she must go to see others, for she spent very little time at home. I, too, was out a great deal, seeing what there was to be seen in the way of sights. Indeed, the only time we met during the day was at luncheon and at dinner, but we usually spent our evenings together.

One night I was awakened by an illness and, getting out of bed, went to Catherine's room for assistance. She was not there. A clock was ticking on her dresser, and I noticed that the hands stood at half past 1 o'clock. The bed had not been disturbed. I was very much astonished. She had said nothing about expecting to go out during the night, and could not understand how she would do so without an escort. I went back to bed and lay there wondering. What should I say to her in the morning about finding her absent? I concluded to wait for her to speak about it. I lay till morning before getting to sleep, the matter of the mystery I had stumbled upon keeping me awake far more than my illness. Indeed, the former quite drove the latter away.

Catherine and I met at breakfast, but she made no mention of having been out during the night, and I concluded not to say anything about having been ill. It occurred to me that I had better change my quarters, and after a few days I said to her that I thought I had trespassed upon her kindness quite long enough and I would go and visit several pensions, of which I had a list, with a view to moving.

I was much surprised at the troubled look that came over her face at my announcement. She asked what she had done to offend me, and when I replied that she had done nothing she said that I must not think of leaving her till I left St. Petersburg. She seemed so averse to my going that I told her I would remain awhile longer. She asked how long, and I put her off by replying a week or two, perhaps longer. This seemed to satisfy her, and I thought I saw her draw a sigh of relief.

One morning Catherine did not appear at breakfast. At this meal, though it was a light one, she was very regular, and I was somewhat surprised. I went to her room and knocked. Receiving no reply, I opened the door. The bed had not been slept in, but the chamber was disarranged, as though the occupant had left it hastily. I asked the servants where was their mistress. They knew no more than I, and they did not seem to care since their wages had been paid up to the end of the present month.

After I had eaten my breakfast I went to a boudoir adjoining my bedroom to get some money which I kept in a desk there. Pulling out a drawer, I came upon a roll of bills (exactly 60 rubles) that I had paid Catherine the evening before for board and lodging. Surprised, I pulled out other drawers and on opening the one in which I kept my passport found it missing.

I was taken quite aback. I had never dreaded to lose my money, for if I did I could get more, but since coming to Russia I had not relished the idea of losing my passport. I questioned the servants, but they were stupid creatures and could suggest no explanation. I felt assured that neither of them had taken it, for if they had cared to take anything they could have had money.

I involuntarily turned to Catherine as the person most likely to have taken my passport. But why? And why had she left the money I had paid her in my desk? I was all at sea with regard to the matter. I went to a window and stood looking out, musing. Knots of persons were standing about talking earnestly with one another, as though something had happened or was about to happen. I sent a servant out to buy a morning journal, but there was nothing in it of an unusual nature.

Calling a drosky, I drove to the American embassy and reported that my passport had been stolen. The young man to whom I made the statement took down my name, where I lived and all about me that I would tell him and told me that he would send me a paper to take the passport's place. As I was about to go away I asked if anything unusual had happened. He called me into his office and, after shutting the door, said in a low voice that an attempt had been made the night before to assassinate a minister in his bed, but it had proved a failure. He had only been severely wounded. When I asked if the assassin had been caught he said "No."

Catherine did not appear, and after lunch I went out and engaged rooms at a pension, removing my baggage the same evening. I left word with the servants that if their mistress returned to tell her that I had gone and give her my address. I was terribly uneasy for several days. I could explain nothing as to Catherine's action and feared that I had been involved in some mysterious plot against the government—indeed, she might be connected with the one to assassinate the minister.

A week after Catherine's disappearance one morning on arriving and going to my dresser there lay my passport.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed. "Will these mysteries never cease? Surely I am in danger. I shall use this document to get out of Russia as soon as possible."

That very night I took a train for the west. When I reached the border, where the passports are taken from the passengers for examination mine was kept a long while. When it was returned to me I was asked a great many questions. Fearing trouble, I gave no more information about my story in Russia than I could help. Finally the officer, handing me the passport, left me, and I suspected that the officials fancied that they had seen it not long before. However, I got away from the czar's dominions safely and have never since had a desire to return to them.

It was a year later when in a store on Oxford street in London, standing at a glove counter, I happened to look up at a lady standing beside me. She looked at me at the same time. She was Catherine.

She turned deadly pale and started to walk away, but stopped, turned again and put out her hand to me.

That night we met, where I do not care to say, and what she told me I will not repeat, except that she had appropriated my passport as a means of leaving Russia. She was going to St. Petersburg when I first saw her for a purpose which would necessitate her sudden flight. Noticing that she and I would pass under one description, she had invited me to stay with her for the purpose of using my passport. She was the principal actor in a plot in which a number of revolutionists were involved. They provided her apartments for her and had hurried her out of St. Petersburg, but with my passport.

From London I sailed for America, and I never have seen Catherine since.

Profitable Roses.

Roses, though generally admired as the most beautiful flower, are not universally recognized as the profitable article of commerce that they really are. Trade roses are grown in various parts of Europe, but chiefly at Grasse, in France, and Kasanlik, in Bulgaria, where great stretches of rose gardens provide the chief supply of roses for the markets of the world. The highly cultivated roses are useless for commercial purposes, and both at Grasse and Kasanlik it is the cabbage rose that is chiefly grown—"the rose of a hundred petals," as they call it in southern France. The Grasse roses are used chiefly for pomades, soaps, rose water, and such commodities, and the demand made by the manufacturers of such on the rose growers of Grasse can be partly gauged from the fact that more than 2,500,000 pounds of roses are annually gathered in the district. Essence, or, as it is called, attar of roses, is rarely made in France, on account of the expense of production, but nearly all the Bulgarian roses are used for this purpose.

History Made by a Postage Stamp.

A postage stamp which played a part in history is told about by M. Bunau-Varilla in his book on the Panama canal. The incident occurred when the discussion over the relative merits of the Panama and Nicaragua routes was at its height. Bunau-Varilla had been working vigorously for the Panama route, making use of the two arguments of less cost and immunity from active volcanoes. One day he recalled that Nicaragua had issued a handsome stamp, showing a volcano in full activity. He at once sent to the dealers in foreign stamps in Washington, and obtained ninety of these stamps, which he forwarded to the ninety senators, along with bits of paper bearing the words, "Postage stamp of the republic of Nicaragua; an official witness of the volcanic activities of Nicaragua." The catastrophe at St. Pierre took place about this time, to deepen the impression of volcanic danger, and the Panama route was adopted by the narrow margin of four votes.—New York Post.

Never Settled Questions.

The familiar saying that nothing is settled until it is settled right expresses only a half truth. Questions of general and permanent importance are seldom finally settled. A very wise man has said that "short of the multiplication table there is no truth and no fact which must not be proved over again if it had never been proved, from time to time." Conceptions of social rights and obligations and the institutions based upon them continue unquestioned for long periods as postulates in all discussions upon questions of government. Whatever conduct conforms to them is assumed to be right. Whatever is at variance with them is assumed to be wrong. Then a time comes when with apparent suddenness the ground of discussion shifts and the postulates are denied. They cease to be accepted without proof, and the whole controversy in which they were originally established is fought over again.—Senator Root in North American Review.

A Laureate on Lytton.

When Bulwer Lytton attacked Tennyson for accepting a civil list pension, Tennyson retaliated with a ten stanza poem in Punch, which has not been included in any collected edition of his works. He described his antagonist as:

That padded man—that wears the stays—
Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote.
* * * * * * *
What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt?

Tennyson felt ashamed of this out burst when he saw it in print. Punch of the following week contained his "After Thought," which ends:

Surely, after all,
The noblest answer unto such
Is kindly silence when they brawl.
—London Chronicle.

Light of the Fireflies.

It has been proved by experiments conducted by M. Ives, a chemist, that the light emitted by fireflies, glowworms and other insects is purely chemical and not in any way biological. M. Ives finds that this light is not extinguished by death. Of course after death some stimulus is necessary to excite it, but it can be produced in their tissues two years after death, which makes certain that it is chemical in origin.—New York World.

Once Is Enough.

Prob.—They say lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Kobb.—Well, what's the use? Louisville Times.

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THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

Maybe It Was a Quince Eve Ate In the Garden of Eden.

Why and how it has happened that the apple has been spoken of as the fruit that was forbidden in the Garden of Eden is one of the great puzzles of biblical scholars. The fact is that in Genesis iii., where the incident of the eating of this fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" is mentioned, no name whatever is given to that fruit. All that is said is: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat." (Verse 6.)

In fact, scholars doubt very seriously whether it was the apple at all. They suggest that all evidence points to it having been the quince, the fragrance of which was held in the highest esteem by the Orientals. Another point in favor of the quince is that it is the fruit which was sacred to Venus, the goddess of love, and in a great many of the ancient writings the quince is very frequently mentioned in this manner. In Babylonia Ishtar took the place of Venus in the Roman mythology, and it should be remembered that the story of the creation originated with the Babylonians. All evidence seems to point away from the apple having been the "forbidden fruit," and toward the quince as having been that fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil."—Tit-Bits.

His Farewell.

"Farewell!" he cried sadly. "I may, perhaps, never look upon your face again!"

No, it was not a parting scene between lovers. 'Twas in a pawnshop, where a young man was getting something on his watch.—London Telegraph.

Her Way.

"There's a young woman who makes little things count."

"How does she do it?"

"Teaches arithmetic in a primary school."

Lesson of the Bee.

"What does the busy bee teach us, Freddie?"

"Not to go too near the hive, uncle."
—London Tattler.

Telling a Story.

When a man starts to tell a story he proceeds by the most direct route, but a woman backs into it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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—FORTIETH ANNUAL—

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A GIRL IN A WINDOW

She Could See, but Not Be Seen

By ELLEN D. MORTON

Norman Kirtland spent the two weeks—in other words, the one twenty-sixth part of the year, which employers consider a sufficient proportion between work and play for their employees—at the seashore. Older persons, who have been hard worked for a long period, desire rest. The young dread such a spending of a vacation. Kirtland was twenty years old and devoted to boating. He owned a wherry that looked like a thin grasshopper, the outrigging and oars standing for the wings and legs. It was his pleasurable anticipation to pull himself about in this topply affair instead of forcing some other animal or some machine to do the work, as a man double his age would be inclined to do.

At Ocean Beach, where Kirtland spent his vacation, there were inlets, and when the wind was off shore and the water still he did not hesitate to go outside. Besides hotels, there were cottages all along the shore, and in them lurked danger for fine looking, muscular young men from pretty young girls.

In one of these cottages on a point of land made by an inlet and the ocean dwelt one of these dangers, Miss Edith Birney. She was of a dangerous age—eighteen—a dangerous disposition, and about her was a dangerous atmosphere. One morning from behind curtains she saw a stalwart young fellow in light boating apparel, displaying fine biceps, pulling past her summer house out into the ocean. Taking a marine glass, she brought it to bear on the boatman and saw that he was comely. Watching him, she saw him row to where a light swell was rolling, and he looked very attractive out there, "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Kirtland sported on the surface of the water for an hour; then slowly and gracefully his sweeps brought him back into the inlet.

In nature a constant warfare goes on. Among nations some use enormous guns, some are inventing aeroplanes from which to drop bombs on their enemies, while others fill their harbors with mines to destroy ships. Now, there is also a warfare in love, and Kirtland, though unconscious of danger, was about to run upon a petard that might hoist him clean out of his bachelorhood and drop him into the slough of matrimony.

He was pulling along lazily when something drifted by him that attracted his attention. It was a bottle about—whose neck was tied a bright red ribbon—doubtless to catch the eye—and that it had been placed there by a woman was evident from the fact that it had been tied in a bowknot. Kirtland backed water, took up the bottle and saw that it was tightly corked, with a bit of white paper inside. Taking out the cork, he managed with the aid of a fishhook to extract the paper. On one side was written, "We are lost." It would perhaps have been more to the point if the words had been, "You are lost." On the other side were two letters, E. B., and a strand of very fair hair, almost white hair, was folded in a smaller bit of paper within the larger one.

When Kirtland read the words "We are lost" he at once concluded that he had picked up a message from some ship that had gone down, but when he noticed the initials and saw the strand of fine hair he was puzzled. The hair was undoubtedly that of a woman, and a woman about to go down to the bottom of the ocean is not likely to put her initials on paper with a lock of her hair. She would be more likely to write her full name, with a farewell message to loved ones far away.

While Kirtland sat in the boat trying to decipher this message from the sea a pair of eyes behind a double barreled gun of aluminium and glass, protected by an embankment of lace curtains, were aimed straight at him. Unconscious of any lurking enemy, he was right in the line of fire. The girl behind the gun seemed to take an inexpressible delight in his apparent surprise, and when he carefully folded the paper about the lock of hair and slipped it into his canvas shoe—he had no pocket—her face broke into a smile of triumph. Then the young man pulled away toward his boathouse.

There is a peculiar stupidity about most very young men as to the tricks and the manners of the opposite sex. Kirtland had no more idea that the bottle he had picked up had been thrown into the water purposely for him than he had that the thrower, instead of being out at sea, was watching him from a house a few hundred yards away. Nevertheless there was a sentiment about that lock of hair, and he was not so obtuse as not to suppose that the initials E. B. referred to the owner. But that the lock had been cut from the head of a pretty girl purposely for him was furthest from his thoughts.

That very night at a dance at one of the hotels he noticed a girl dressed in garments so pure and spotless and white and simple that no one would have supposed she would be capable of lassoing a pet lamb. And Kirtland was especially struck with the fact that her hair was so light that it was almost white. Indeed, it was exactly the shade of the lock he had found in the bottle. But—and here comes in an instance of man's stupidity in woman's ways—no one could have beaten it into his head with an argumentative sledge-hammer that the lock of hair he had in his vest pocket nearest his heart had been cut from the head of that angel in immaculate white.

The toils these creatures throw out are of the finest texture, so fine that no one would suspect that they lead up to a cable. Kirtland did not analyze the connection between the silken strands in his pocket and the coiffure on the girl's head. But it existed all the while, and she had intended that it should exist. Mind you, I don't say that she laid down a definite plan of procedure. She did it by that unconscious genius for such work which is inborn in womankind. At any rate, without that lock of hair and its sentimental connection with the coiffure there is no reason to suppose that Kirtland would have hunted all over the room for some one who could introduce him to the girl concerning whom this sentiment existed.

He inquired who she was and was told that she was a Miss Birney—Miss Edith Birney. But this did not convey any information to him, as it might have done had he not been stupidly blind. They say love is blind. That must refer to the man.

He found the introducer and was received by the girl with reserve. He danced with her once; then she suggested that, the air in the room being close, she would like a few minutes on the veranda. Standing there looking down on the narrow water leading out into the ocean on which he had been rowing that day, Kirtland was reminded of his find and spoke of it to his companion.

"How sad!" she said feelingly. "Do you suppose all on board went down?"

"I am not certain whether it was a shipwreck or one of those messages that persons are always throwing into the water to make fools of the finders."

"Have you heard of any ship being lost?" she asked.

"No; I haven't. And I don't believe the bottle was thrown from a sinking ship at all. If so the name of the vessel would have been given. It more likely was tossed off from some yacht or other craft. I think it must have been some fool girl did it, for it contained a lock of hair."

The young lady winced at this, but did not betray herself.

"Are you a cottager," asked Kirtland, "or do you stop at a hotel?"

"A cottager. That's our cottage over there where the inlet joins the ocean."

"Indeed. I often pull by there on my way outside."

"Do you?"

"Yes; usually when it's calm on the ocean. "I think I will be able to go out tomorrow morning."

"If I happen to be about and see you I'll wave to you."

Then they went inside and danced together, and somehow no one attempted to take the girl away from Kirtland, and Kirtland didn't seem to want to get away from the girl. He kept looking at her light hair, tinged with yellow, and thinking of its counterpart in his pocket, and the more he thought about it the more a peculiar feeling grew within him that he did not seek to analyze, but found very pleasant. When the two separated the spider had got the fly inside the outer web, and the next move would be to ask him to walk into her parlor.

This second part came the next day. Kirtland pulled by the house out to sea, but looked in vain for the girl who lived there. However, when he pulled back she was down at the private landing, pretending to engage herself with the boats. Kirtland pulled in to the landing. The girl looked surprised, but pleased, and invited him to the house for a glass of wine and a biscuit.

Kirtland, being in boating costume, declined the invitation, whereupon the young lady suggested that the refreshments could be served in the summer house. At this he accepted, and the two walked up to the place in question. He found a very dainty and at the same time comfortable stopping place. There were easy wicker chairs, a table with books and magazines in it and a hammock. If "the fly" had realized how he was being entangled doubtless the words of the rime would have occurred to him—

It's the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.

It is useless to follow this spider and fly process any further. The main work had been done, the fly being in the parlor. And it is to be supposed that the girl who had the ingenuity to get him there would have no difficulty in keeping him. The rest required time, but it was dead easy. Kirtland went back to business not knowing whether he was on his heels or his head. He had proposed to Miss Birney and was told that she must have some time to consider. She took time enough to drive him to the border of despair, but not over it.

One day soon after their marriage Mrs. Kirtland fished a lock of very light hair out of her husband's pocket.

"What's this, dear?" she asked, with a touch of reproach in her voice and in her beautiful eyes.

"That?" he said meditatively. "Oh, I remember! That's the lock of hair I took out of that bottle I picked up that some silly girl probably threw from a boat out at sea to make a guy of some fellow. I kept it because it was very like your hair."

"How sweet of you!"

She kissed him, but did not tell him who was the silly girl or the fellow of whom she made a guy.

And yet a young man is considered to be expanding into one of the lords of creation and a young girl is considered a budding innocent.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimation of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties, or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for,"—so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing; but the legislature may regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, underground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year, and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties or municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 24th day of August 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FOURTH MONDAY OF SEPTEMBER,

being the 22nd. day of September, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 22nd., with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 25th day of August in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE,
Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.
August 25th, 1913.

Administratrix' Notice.

Estate of Sydney A. Kiefer, late of Bellefonte Boro, deceased.

Letters of administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County Pennsylvania, all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same duly authenticated without delay to

GRACE M. KIEFER,
Administratrix.
Bellefonte, Pa.

Rush Township Schools.

The Rush Township schools opened last week with a good attendance. The Board has shown its progressiveness by installing sanitary drinking fountains in some of the buildings, and it is their intention to install fountains at all points where water system is within reach, and in all other buildings water coolers and individual cups will be used. Rush is the largest township in the county and has 22 teachers.

Read "The Republican $1 dollar a year in advance.

THEIR EYES BELIE THEM.

Seals Are Ferocious and Devour Live Fish Inch by Inch.

Seals are still numerous and are disliked by Labrador fishermen because their skill is so much greater. Dr. Grenfell says that he has known a seal to haunt a net so persistently that to get any fish the owner had to watch all the while at one end of it, and even then the seal would almost snap off the fisherman's hand as he raced to be first to disentangle the salmon.

"The large, gentle eye makes the seal's appearance exceedingly attractive and those inclined to be sentimental have found in him a great scope for their effusions. As a matter of fact, he eats his prey alive. He will take a bite out of a fish and leave the rest to struggle away and die slowly. They are fierce fighters and will catch and eat birds swimming on the surface of the water.

One was seen devouring a salmon alive. The seal swallowed him by inches, swimming a mile while the struggle lasted. It seemed an open question whether he would succeed or not. Another seal was seen to capture a gull on the water, but the persistent harrying he got from the rest of the birds persuaded him to let the wounded victim go.—Chicago News.

MANAGERIAL ABILITY.

If You Think You Possess It Here Is a Test You Might Try.

Any one who has to manage men or things must be able quickly to bring order out of confusion. Test your friend's talent in this respect by writing on your paper five words of a special class, such as the names of five flowers or of five animals or of five famous poets, with the first letter always in the right place, while the order of the other letters is changed.

The person on whom you are experimenting knows only to which class the words belong—whether they are the names of animals or of flowers or of poets. See how long it takes him to write the five correct words in place of the misspelled ones.

The animal card may read, "Tetrul, etalenph, dykeno, serdip, galliro," and the vegetable card, "Velito, diloffad, melap, moroshmu, cuttuesh." Some persons will be able to read at once, "Turtle, elephant, donkey, spider, gorilla," and the other card, "Violet, daffodil, maple, mushroom, chestnut."

Others who have no talent for rearranging the elements of a confused situation will stare at the words, unable to make any sense of them.—Hugo Munsterberg in Youth's Companion.

Profitable Beauty.

That "beauty of beauties," Mme. Recamier, would sometimes become a beggar for the poor, and it was good for the poor. At the Easter fetes of 1801, celebrated in the Church of St. Roch, the priest asked Mme. Recamier to act as collector. She accepted.

A returned emigrant, M. de Thiard, was her cavalier. The task was no sinecure. To walk around the church through the enormous crowd occupied more than an hour. Another hour was occupied in counting the receipts, which amounted to 20,000 francs. From each lip came a cry of admiration at the marvelous beauty of the young collector. As she advanced step by step through the church these cries were translated into pieces of gold for the poor and many pieces of verse to offer to the fair collector.—"A Great Coquette."

Fashion Hint.

If some women were wedded to their husbands as they are to fashion, how they would love, honor and obey!—New Orleans Picayune.

New Idea Manure Spreader
Does More and Better Work
It thoroughly pulverizes all kinds of manure. Spreads more manure in less time than any other machine of like capacity. The manure is spread wider and more evenly.
Simple construction makes the New Idea the ideal spreader for busy farmers. Substantially made from the best material. Every part is inspected many times from start to finish. No complicated gears to get out of order. Has a steady, non-jerking feed and a perfect, endless conveyor that cannot slip.
Here Are a Few More Features of This 100-Point Spreader
Two cylinders (instead of one). Pointed cylinder teeth that never pull out. Cannot choke or clog. Unique and patented distributor spreads manure 5 to 7 feet wide. Low down. Direct chain drive and simplest of all feeding mechanisms. Strong Wheels, lightest draft. Look at "New Idea" Spreaders the next time you are near our store.
JOHN G. DUBBS, Bellefonte,
Large, descriptive and freely illustrated catalog FREE

We have the Wicard, Sulkey & Walking Plows, Spring & Spike-tooth Harrows, Grain Drills, Fertilizers of all grades, Poultry Supplies, Gasoline Engines, all kinds of Pumps, also Brookville Wagons.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., September 11. 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

Subscription rate, $1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, $1.50 a year in Advance.

—— Advertising Rates. ——

One Column, 1 year.....$100
One Half Column, 1 year..... 60
One Quarter Column, 1 year..... 35
Legal Notices (if no special contract exists) 10 cents per line each insertion, nonpareil measure.

How peaceful living must be in the Prohibition party!

These are the days when the Hon. Johnny Noll talks under his breath.

If Colonel Soakbim Taylor and Candidate Zerby will agree to settle it with gloves we'll gladly print the admission tickets free of charge.

The Colonel says that he writes a letter to the public but once in twenty-three years. Wonder who he'll be harpooning in 1936?

Taking a swift glimpse down the pike one is unable to pick out any Democrat who just now could safely step to the front and claim to be Centre County's "favorite son."

The Hon. Bill Smith at least can lay claim to the distinction of having stirred up "some" doings in local Democratic politics. Lots of other Democrats never got that far.

Judging from the exchange of compliments in the "Centre Democrat" and the "Democratic Watchman" one might suspect that the dove of peace has surely "flew the coop."

Democratic officials at the Court House who have expectations of becoming candidates for re-election may be said to be hurdling the Zerby—Smith fight for State Committeeman.

A casual reading of Colonel Hugh Soakhim Taylor's letter in the "Watchman" leads one to conclude that the party he claims to have served so well really should be termed the "Dark-lantern Brigade."

By the way, how do Judge Orvis and N. B. Spangler, prospective Democratic candidates for Judge, stand in the fight for State Committeeman? Let them answer, let them answer.

The Hon. Bob Foster is for President Wilson, for the new and not the old Surveyor of the Port, for the State College postmastership, and all three boiled down into one means that the Hon. Bob is for the Hon. Bob. Get that?

Isn't it funny the way some fellows who yelled their heads off against Bryan a few years ago are now shrieking out in frenzy against some others because they did the very same thing when W. J. raced across the country with his cross of gold and crown of thorns.

The palatial launch of the Surveyor of the Port is tied up at the dock and the natty uniform with its trimmings of gold buttons and lace is is in the camphor box, both out of commission until the primaries close on the 16th. The new Boss is on the firing line and "there's h— in the Democratic party."

Even though the field be strewn with the dead, the wounded, and the dying, perhaps the "Democratic Watchman" will find time to divulge the name of that Democratic candidate for whose election Surveyor of the Port Kurtz brought Elk County brewery money into Centre County in a certain campaign ten years ago. By the way, who were Democratic candidates in that particular campaign?

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the ues of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and oucous surfaces of the system. Send or testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation—Advt.

Peaches!

Lauderbach-Barber Co. will have a car of fine Elberta peaches on Monday or Tuesday, September 15th or 16th, in one bushel baskets. Leave your order with your grocer.

THE VERDICT IN MAINE.

Monday's election in Maine marks the hand-writing on the wall for President Wilson's low tariff bill. It was the first test at the polls since the President called Congress into special session to enact a tariff law embodying his theories. The President took a personal hand in the campaign. He also sent his heavy Cabinet guns—Bryan and Redfield—and also Speaker Clark into the district to win what would have been heralded a victory for a tariff measure that Republicans believe will be injurious to business. The issue was clean cut. The voters of the district were fully informed. From coast to coast and from the gulf to the lakes the verdict was awaited with interest.

The people of Maine have spoken. They have decreed that the Wilson low tariff bill is not for the best welfare of business. They have denied to President Wilson and his administration a vote of indorsement. The verdict carries a significance so deep that it must penetrate the Wilson administration to the core. It means that the tide to Republicanism, to the doctrine of a tariff sufficienty high to protect American industries and American workingmen from the competion of cheap foreign labor is gaining in strength with each day. This tide has been growing in volume from the time the President made public his tariff reduction plan. It will continue to grow and sweep other sections just as it swept Baline's old home district in Maine.

President Wilson was not sent to the White House as a majority president Monday's vote in Maine is the first opportunity the people have had to notify him that his tariff theories do not reflect the views and wishes of the majority. His currency theories are no more popular. Already there are signs of business hesitating, of trade holding back for fear of pending legislation that will disturb and cripple and do immeasurable harm. The vote in Maine should prompt President Wilson to pause in his determination to force free trade down the throats of the people simply because free trade is one of his theories and he happens to be the President by grace of a division in the Republican party. If the vote in Maine means any one thing more than another it is that the Wilson administration is heading toward a fate which may stamp it as one of the most unpopular in the history of the United States.

POLITICAL CARDS.

For Tax Collector.

I desire to announce my candidacy for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries on September 16th, for the office of Tax Collector of Bellefonte borough.

S. A. DONACHY.

For Tax Collector.

I desire to announce my candidacy for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries on September 16th, for the office of Tax Collector of Bellefonte borough.

HENRY LOWRY

For Tax Collector.

I desire to announce my candidacy for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries on September 16th, for the office of Tax Collector of Bellefonte borough.

WM. H. BROWN.

For Tax Collector.

I desire to announce my candidacy for nomination on the Republican ticket at the primaries on September 16th, for the office of Tax Collector of Bellefonte borough.

W. C. CASSDY

South African Lame Sickness.

An investigation of the South African disease known as lamziekte, or lame sickness, suggests that it is due to a special plant poison that is generated under abnormal conditions in grasses or other plants that are normally harmless. Its development seems to be associated with unusual weather and soil experiences, of which summer drought is important. Through such conditions willing would favor the formation of the poison, and this gives explanation for the common belief that the disease results from eating wilted plants.

The Equator In Africa.

At the equator in Africa there are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The former lasts eight months. During the rains the natives live in houses made principally of bamboo and roofed with leaves, but as soon as the rains stop they set out for the forests and jungles.

Writes Some Good Things.

Chlorinda—How can you dream of marrying a man who writes such awfully stupid love letters? Marigold—But just think, dear—he can write the most beautiful checks, and that's the main thing, you know, after one's married.—Judge.

Misunderstanding.

Distressed Damsel—Oh, sir, catch that man! He wanted to kiss me! Pensive Pedestrian—That's all right. There'll be another one along in a minute.—Purple Cow.

Her Return

It Was Long Delayed

By CLARISSA MACKIE

For three long years Genet Saville had nursed a bitter resentment against her husband. During this time there was ever before her the mental picture of their quarrel and the parting. The recollection of his white, contemptuous face always stung her to fresh hatred of him. She could hear his low spoken acrid reply to her upbraiding. The few words that had sent her fleeing from the room and later from his house with all the quick passion of her southern nature stirred to its depths.

She had sought solitude in an obscure Swiss hamlet. She, who was without kinsfolk, had cut herself loose from the only tie that bound her to her world. She had not seen a familiar face nor heard the sound of a well known voice in all those thirty-six months. She had not read a newspaper nor heard any tidings of the old life. Her private fortune, in negotiable securities, afforded her every material comfort. She had music and books, her favorite dog and bitter thoughts.

Three years, thirty-six months, a thousand days, and more, ages ago, since their parting in the library. Never had she once longed for the sound of Norman's voice, for the sight of his face, for reconciliation. She hated him for his outburst that night, hated him for his cool contempt of her "heroics," as he called it. Always she would remember him as she had last seen him, cold and stern and bitter, with no love for her. She fed her soul on these unwholesome reflections.

Then one lovely morning Genet climbed up the verdant upland pastures reclaimed from the rough mountain sides. She paused in the shadow of a dark clothed pine tree, inhaling the pure air and glorying in the panorama of mountain and valley, pine forest and distant glacier, when close beside her there sprang into view a tableau—a young dairy farmer and his sweetheart.

Genet had often watched the peasants, her fair face amusedly contemptuous of their crude lovemaking. This man might have been Norman's twin brother—handsome, clean cut, gray eyed, brown skinned. The girl was fresh and sweet and fair. She was in his arms, and his firmly molded chin was pressed against the parting of her golden hair.

Genet watched them, a strange new feeling leaping to her head, to her heart—a white flame of jealousy that seared her wounds—the bitterness, the anger, against her husband. Her pulses throbbed, and the blood flew to her cheeks. She watched the man's face wistfully, hungrily, as one who looks on a beloved forgotten picture and revels in the wonderment of rediscovery.

The face of the man was curiously like that of Norman—the finely shaped head with its closely brushed chestnut hair, the straight nose, the resolute mouth now softened into tenderness. The steadfast gray eyes, deep set and black lashed, were fixed on the girl's face, shyly lifted to his and exquisite in its virginal purity of expression.

So Norman must have looked at her when he had told Genet of his love.

Genet drew back among the pine boughs and leaned her face against the rough bark of the tree. She was trembling with long controlled emotion, deliciously thrilled at the wild promptings of her wayward heart. Impetuously she had withdrawn from her husband, too hurt to render him justice. As passionately would she return to him and heap the smothered riches of her love and a lifelong devotion at his feet to repay for his suffering, his regret, his loneliness, for he would have suffered keenly, he who worshiped the ground she trod. All the world should know that she who had left him in anger without due reason acknowledged her mistake and had returned to him.

After awhile she descended to the village, singing all the way to the tiny chalet where she lived. The simple peasants among whom she had spent her exile looked after her and wondered and smilingly agreed with one another that the sad faced lady had found happiness after all.

All the nightmare of Genet's nurtured resentment which had robbed her of three years of life was banished by her preparations for immediate departure. Now that she saw herself in the wrong she chafed to be humiliated before her husband in expiation of her sin.

Arrived in New York and settled in a hotel under an assumed name, she called a cab and motored slowly past the town house. As she expected, it was closed and shuttered. She looked up at the familiar windows with dim eyes and registered a vow to live more earnestly, more worthily, if she was permitted to go back.

The next day the train carried her down to Fairfields, where she entered the ancient surrey which served all transportation purposes for the casual traveler.

Leaving the sleepy village, the surrey rolled lazily along the sandy, wooded roads under tall growing white oaks and chestnuts.

Genet sat with clinched hands and tense lips watching the sand drift in golden streams over the tires, conscious of the intoxicating summer scents, acutely responsive to the pathos in the thrush's tender song. The driver bumped drowsily on the front seat and slapped at the flies on the broad backed horse. It was a ride to be remembered for its suspense.

At the stone pillared entrance to Fairfields Genet dismissed the carriage and entered the winding avenue that led to the house, a half mile distant, on the very edge of the bluffs overhanging the sound.

The house must be open, for there were recent tracks of broad tires in the drive. The gate lodge was tenanted, for curious heads lurked behind the curtains. She wondered if Mrs. Lee and her lame husband still lived at the lodge. She longed to stop and talk to them and thus bring herself immediately into the swing of the old life.

Her slender, girlish figure was clad in pale blue linen coat and gown, with a veil the same tint shrouding her white hat. She stepped across the turf with eager feet, her charming face now rose red with anticipation, now ivory pale with sudden dread.

The low, rambling house lay quiet in the hot sunshine. The broad verandas, awninged and vineclad, seemed to be deserted. Her glance wandered to the launch. The party had boarded her and were lounging in wicker chairs about the deck. Norman was at the wheel. She saw his backward glance at the house. The whistle tooted impudently, and they were away, cutting the water into a thousand twinkling lights and a shower of falling spray.

When they had rounded the point she hurried across the drive and entered the veranda. There was a litter of smoking things on convenient taborets, heaps of sporting papers and gayly covered magazines. A siphon, a decanter and a tray of empty glasses were on a round table and bespoke recent refreshment. It was very like old times when she had gone away for a few weeks and left Norman to hold bachelor revels with old cronies. She smiled at the disorder. It was all so natural that the past three years were blotted out as if they had never been. She was merely returning home from a day's shopping in the hot town.

Thus she deluded herself.

The wide, cool hall was quite deserted. The polished floor gave back blurred reflections of the heavy furniture. The huge fireplace was crowded with fresh branches of fragrant bayberry. The library door was closed, but other open doorways offered cool vistas of drawing rooms, billiard and dining rooms. The stairs wound in a broad spiral to the second floor.

Genet paused, her eyes lingering on each well known object. There was no change in the arrangement of furniture. Even the hatrack bore its customary heterogeneous array of coats and caps, riding crops, golf sticks and tennis rackets. With a quick nervous gesture she threw back her veil and turned to the library. Before she sought her own apartments she would peep in here. And now the creeping fear at her heart found shape and suggestion.

If her portrait, the one Giddy had painted, still hung over the fireplace in the library, then all would be well; Norman would be forgiving, would relent. His mother's picture had graced that space until Norman married, and then it had given place to Genet's. And now that she had forfeited her right would it be there? If not she would steal away from the house and never return. The answer to her questioning heart lay behind the closed door.

Suddenly she turned the knob and slipped inside, closing the door softly behind her. Then she leaned panting with emotion against its mahogany surface.

The long room lay in shadow save for one sunny window at the farther end. Here a high backed winged chair was placed.

She fell to trembling as she heard the flicker of a turning page behind the winged chair. In the silence it seemed as if her heart throbs would betray her presence. In her joyful imaginings of her return to her husband there were no such fearful terror and apprehension as came upon her now. Her gloved hands wrung together in a supreme effort for control. Suddenly a little sigh of relief escaped her. Perhaps no one was in the room after all!

Then, as if her sigh had been heard, a voice came from the chair, a voice of quiet inquiry, Norman's voice.

"Who is there?"

Genet's lips were dumb.

"Who is there?" he repeated. And after another silence the winged chair creaked with his uprising. Genet's glance flashed to the fireplace for courage and reassurance, and then a great joy came into her dark eyes.

Her portrait was there in its place and beneath it a vase of fresh violets.

Norman came down the room, his eyes half blinded by the sudden change from the sunlit window to the gloom of the room. Genet saw that the smooth chestnut of his hair was flecked with silver; that his face was worn and his eyes were weary. Then the supreme moment came when he saw her and recognized her. Puzzlement gave way to surprise and something else. What was it?

He stopped abruptly, one hand resting on the table, his deep gray eyes fixed upon her face, white as snow against the dark paneling.

"I am sorry. I have come home. I love you, Norman," she whispered. Then she hung her head, not daring to look into his beloved face.

"Afraid? Afraid of me? Why, I have been waiting for you all these years!"

Safe in her husband's arms once more, Genet Saville knew that her greatest punishment would lie in the knowledge that she had brought sorrow to him.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

Mrs. Bennison was a guest of Mrs. J. A. Aiken during fair week.

Misses Anna and Caroline Valentine will return this week and re-open their home here.

Mr. Reese, a graduate of the Bellefonte Academy last year, is paying a visit to his old haunts.

Mrs. Wells L. Daggett and son Frederick, and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon departed today for Atlantic City.

Miss Daisy Barnes has returned home, after a six weeks' visit with her brother, Charles, who lives in Keokuk, Iowa.

Miss Alice Wilson has gone to Harrisburg, where she is visiting with Mrs. James McCormick and her son, Vance.

Mr. and Mrs. Horton S. Ray last Friday evening chaperoned a party of young people to the club dance at Lock Haven.

Mr. and Mrs. James Krum, of Jersey Shore, with Mrs. Wolf as their guest, motored here last Wednesday for the fair.

Miss Martha Shoemaker on Tuesday returned to her studies at Mt. St. Vincent-on-the-Hudson. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker.

Miss Martha Barnhart will enter a young ladies' seminary near Erie for a year's instruction before enrolling at Mt. Holyoke.

Miss Georgia Daggett has arrived in Bellefonte from Cleveland, Ohio, to remain with Mr. Daggett while the family are away.

Miss Margaret All, who has been spending some time with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard, returned on Monday to Philadelphia.

Lieutenant Commander Roland Curtin arrived in Bellefonte from Mexico at noon yesterday and will remain probably several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Blanchard departed several days ago for New York state. Before returning home Mrs. Blanchard will visit with her mother at Ridley Park.

Although Will Hepburn, of Jersey Shore, has become a motor enthusiast he has not lost his love for horses, as was testified to by his presence at the races here last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Pond and family, after a fourteen months' trip in Europe, have returned to State College. Miss Clara Pond will enter upon her senior year at Bryn Mawr, while the boys will resume their studies at Penn State.

On Tuesday evening the boys leaving for their respective colleges gave a "Farewell Dance" at the Town Hall. The out-of-town guests included Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Snyder, and J. Harris Hoy, of Snow Shoe, with Miss Rowland, of Philipsburg, who is visiting with the Snyders; Miss Poorman, of Tyrone; Miss Boyd, of Harrisburg; Mr. and Mrs. Dick Quigley, of Lock Haven; Theodore Davis Boal, Jr., of Boalsburg, and a number of students from Penn State.

Her First Ice Cream Soda.

She was evidently more than fifty and she showed every outward sign of poverty and hard work—unending hard work. But evidently this was a special event and her eyes shone with excitement. She entered one of the big drug stores and while her excitement visibly increased her assurance seemed to fade. After hesitating a moment she walked over to the soda fountain, where a pleasant faced boy was "wiping up." Pushing a nickel over the marble counter, she blurted in an awkward manner that she wanted a soda. The proprietor of the drug store, who was watching her, is a kindly man and he grasped the situation at once. With a bound he was behind the counter before the boy could tell this excited reveler that her soda would cost ten cents. Then he himself mixed a delicious strawberry ice cream soda and gave it to the little old woman, who sank contentedly upon one of the stools at the counter and gave herself over to it. The proprietor smiled crookedly down at the nickel as he dropped it into the cash drawer and rang up a five cent sale.—Exchange.

How to Be an Inventor.

A retired professor of mechanical engineering was called upon to deliver a few lectures on invention to the senior engineering classes. His first injunction was that when one attempts to devise a machine to do a certain thing, one must consider directly the fundamental operations to be performed and must wipe from the mind all existing methods and all preconceived notions. He stated that one so called inventor attempted in the days of the scythe to invent a mowing machine. Being familiar only with the scythe, he designed a horse drawn machine which would swing a scythe. He simply replaced the man by a mechanism. It is needless to say that his invention did not survive. The problem of efficientiy cutting hay and grain was not successfully solved until it was attacked by a man with an open mind, and he devised the knife of the modern mowing machine or reaper.—American Machinist.

The Perfect Cup of Coffee.

Fill a kettle with fresh cold water that has run for a few moments and put it to boil. Place over an open china teapot kept just for coffee (as metal is deleterious) a clean wet old linen napkin or a new square of unbleached muslin, letting it sag toward the center. Put into the depression four heaping tablespoonfuls (for four cups of coffee) of finely pulverized Java and Mocha or any preferred brand of coffee. When the water in the kettle is at the galloping point pour it through the coffee slowly until four cupfuls have filtered through. Just the contents of the kettle can go in if measured before boiling, allowing a little for waste. Cover and take at once to table. Wash the cloth immediately after breakfast and keep in a jar of cold water, never permitting it to get dry, and freshening the water every day.—New York Times.

Oiling Japanese Umbrellas.

The vegetable oil used in making paper umbrellas in Japan is pressed out of the seeds of the rubber plant. This oil is made in the various islands famous for oil and seeds from these plants. Sandy ground is favored for the cultivation of the plant. The yield of seeds is estimated at twenty bushels per acre. The annual production throughout Japan amounts to 350,000 bushels, from which over a gallon of oil per bushel is extracted. The oil, before it is used, is boiled and then cooled until it can be applied by hand to umbrellas with a piece of cloth or waste. No machinery or tools are used in applying the oil. When the oiling is completed the umbrellas are exposed in the sun for about five hours. This oil is also used in making the Japanese lanterns, artificial leather, printing ink, lacquer, varnishes, oil paper and paints.

His Wedding Present.

"I willingly countenance your marriage with my daughter," wrote a physician to his prospective son-in-law, "conditionally on your accepting as a wedding present her mother. As a wife she has not been a success; as a mother-in-law she is at least problematical. At all events, I can endure her temper no longer, and as she expresses a wish to live with her daughter I am sending her along by the next train."

In due course the lady arrived and lived with the young couple for many years.—London Mail.

Apply Your Knowledge.

"A college education is worth $25,000 in increased earning capacity," declares a western university. It is, and it isn't. There are college men who could not earn this sum in twenty-five years. There are men earning twice as much in a year who never even walked by a college. It's a fine thing to have, but its earning capacity depends upon the practical use made of it, says the wise man in Power.

When the Cake Is Done.

It should pull from the sides of the pan.

Should not stick to a toothpick when it is put into the center.

It should spring back in place when the finger is pressed on the top.—Woman's World.

Compensation.

"Bobby, won't you be a good boy and go to Sunday school this morning?"

"Mamma, will you let me skip my bath if I do?"—Chicago Tribune.

All faults may be forgiven of him who has perfect candor.

Pennsylvania Railroad

SPECIAL TRAINS

ACCOUNT

Patrons of Husbandry

AT

GRANGE PARK, CENTRE HALL, PA.

WILL BE RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 16, 17, and 18, 1913

EASTWARD				WESTWARD		
September 16 17 and 18		Sept. 18only	STATIONS	Sept. 18only	Sept. 16,17,18	
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.		A.M.	P.M.	
10:00	6:30	5:50	Lv .....Bellefonte..... Ar	8:40	10:45	
10:05	6:35	....	.....Axemann.....	....	10:39	
10:09	6:39	....	.....Pleasant Gap.....	....	10:33	
10:21	6:51	....	.....Dale Summit.....	....	10:21	
10:26	6:56	6:15	.....Lemont.....	....	10:15	
10:30	7:00	6:19	.....Oak Hall.....	....	10:10	
10:35	7:05	6:24	.....Linden Hall.....	....	10:03	
10:50	7:20	6:35	Ar ..Centre Hall (Grange Park).. Lv	7:50	9:45	
.....	7:30	6:35	Lv ..Centre Hall (Grange Park) ..Ar	7:50	9:00	
.....	7:40	....	.....Penn Cave.....	7:40	8:50	
.....	7:48	....	.....Rising Springs.....	7:32	8:42	
.....	8:00	....	.....Zerby.....	7:14	8:30	
.....	8:10	7:00	Ar .....Coburn..... Lv	7:07	8:20	

The County at a Glance.

Pine Grove Mills.

The Len Bathurst family spent Friday at the Charles Colobine home.

Next Tuesday, the 16th, is primary day —from 7 to 7.

Howard Fye, of Waddle, spent Sunday with friends here.

The Dufford sisters are here from Philadelphia.

Rev. D. F. Kapp administered the Lord's Supper at Meek's church last Sunday, at 10 o'clock, and at the M. E. church here at 7 in the evening.

Ed. Messimer, of West Virginia, is visiting here with his cousin, Cyrus Fowley, and other old acquaintances.

Miss Bertha Corl has been very ill for ten days, but is now recovering.

William Gummo, one of H. C. Sunday's helpers at the steam thresher, came near giving the undertaker a job last Friday. While between the machine and tank coupling the brake gave way and he got a terrible squeeze. He might have been crushed to death.

Mrs. Minnie Snavely and son Paul, of Kalamazoo, Mich., are visitors at the George Grimes home at White Hall. They report a great drought and that hay has been shipped from Canada for several months; furthermore, they fear the worst is yet to come.

Little George Donald, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Campbell, has been very ill, but is now recovering.

John Houck is helping H. C. Harpster operate a big hay baler.

With a good corps of teachers our schools opened last Monday for the fall term.

On Wednesday W. H. Roush and family moved to Oak Hall to the Ed. Sellers property. Mr. Roush will have charge of the Boal planing mill.

Recorder Francis Speer spent part of Wednesday with friends at Fairbrook.

Dr. Hugh L. Fry, of Milton, is visiting his parental home at Fairbrook.

Mrs. S. A. Young and Mrs. A. P. Ward, of Bellefonte, enjoyed an outing among friends of their youth in and nearby town on Wednesday.

Sunday's electric storm put the telephone service out of commission.

Rev. Mr. Smith and wife and baby, Dale, are visiting old parishoners at Lemont and Houserville. Mrs. Smith was formerly Miss Berth Dale.

Mrs. Emma Potter and daughter are visiting down Penns valley, being located at the John F. Kimport home.

Last Friday was a Red Letter day at the Frank Miller home at White Hall. Their grand-daughter Naomi entertained a party of twenty-five young ladies with a card party, followed with a splendid dinner. The very choicest of the old farm was served and all present had a royal time.

A terrific electric storm accompanied by wind and rain swept over this section last Sunday afternoon, washing fields and roads. Many auto parties were forced to seek shelter. Among these were Watson Struble and his sons, who were out for a pleasure ride in their big Rambler cars. The storm struck them on a low stretch of road that was soon deluged with water and mud, and to make matters worse a tire was punctured and the machine came to a dead stop, while the rain poured down in torrents and lightning flashed from all directions and knocked telephone poles nearby into kindling wood. After the water receded they got their machine to higher ground and repaired the tire, finally continuing their journey soaked to the skin and thoroughly disgruntled.

Port Matilda.

Charles Williams and family, of Tyrone, arrived in town Monday evening to spend a few days with his father, James B. Williams.

Harold Shope visited with relatives in Pittsburg last week,

Wm. Shultz and wife have returned home after a ten days' visit with the former's parents in Philipsburg.

Mayme Laird shopped in Altoona last week.

Harry Fisher, of Richmond, Ind., is visiting at the home of A. W. Williams.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle enjoyed a visit with her daughter, Mrs. F. L. Williams, of Altoona.

Mr. Buckwalter, of Madera, extra agent for the P. R. R. Co., worked in the place of Wm. Shultz while the latter was on his vacation.

Misses Leora Harshberger and Ruth Cowher have returned from their vacation to resume their duties in the schools.

Mary Shipley, of Unionville, spent a few days with her brother, George Shipley.

F. S. Jones and H. C. Bennet enjoyed Sunday evening at Sandy Ridge. For particulars ask Frank and Harold.

Allen Hoover left last Monday to attend the Business College at Lancaster.

C. W. Crain made a business trip to Tyrone Monday.

The schools of this place opened Monday, the 8th, with Prof. H. C. Rothrock in charge. The attendance is large, numbering over one hundred.

Centre Hall.

Quite a few Centre Hall folks attended the fair. All say it was too hot and dusty.

The livery auto of D. A. Boozer, driven by James Fetteroff, collided with an auto driven by Frank Bartley; both cars was slightly damaged.

Mrs. Lizzie M. Jacobs spent her birthday at the home of her sisters at State College.

Mr. Caldron and wife attended the funeral of their niece, Gladys Keister, at Aaronsburg.

Frank Lee and brother were in Centre Hall attending to business of their brother's estate the late Dr. Geo. L. Lee.

Work has again been resumed on our streets, getting them in condition for the grangers picnic. They received permission to use state roller on Friday night.

James Smetzler, section foreman, of the P. R. R., has been put on the pension list having arrived at the age limit.

The will of Mrs. Simon Harper leaves everything to her son, Harry, of Bellefonte; after all bills are paid.

Mr. Lambert, has moved his family to State College. Ralph Dinges, clerk in Emery's store, has rented the Lambert home.

D. L. Bartges has rented the boarding house at the picnic.

The home of Samuel Gingerich, occupied by Geo. Breon, is offered for sale at $1100.

Paul Murray and wife of Chicago, returned to their home after two weeks spent with Mrs. Levi Murray, mother of the groom.

Geo. H. Emerick purchased the overland auto from Arthur Kerlin, who became nervous of the car and the handling of it.

Mr. Moore, the sheep buyer, reports sheep plentiful and in good condition.

Geo. H. Mensh, the Millheim liveryman, spent one day this week in town.

Mr. Noll and his force of men are papering the home of Chas. D. Bartholomew. They expect to move into it the week after the picnic.

Word was received here that the father of Dr. W. A. Jacobs was lying at the point of death in Howard. He is 99 years of age and has resided in Howard for the last 80 years.

Mrs. Linnie Ruhle, of Columbus, Ohia, visited a few days at the home of Mrs. John Stuart, at State College.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain at the Bellefonte postoffice for the last week: Wallace Allen, J. D. Burton, Edward Daniel, Mrs. Ezra Dick, Biddy Dunlap, Thomas Fry, Earl Heaton, Mrs. Fred Heaton, Mrs. Ruth Keller, S. W. Klinefelter, David E. Lyons, Mr. J. McManary, Mrs. Margaret McKinley, Mrs. A. C. Markley, Mrs. W. P. Meeker, Mrs. Helen Maim Miller, John Morgan, Charlie Parker, Harry Renner, Hon. Robert Seeds, W. B. Waite, Postmaster, Birch Island, Pa. When called for please say advertised.

Camping on State Lands.

Hundreds of campers will camp and hunt on State forest reserves this fall, judging from the manner in which applications for permits are being made to the State Forestry Department. Every year the State lands are hunted over for bear and deer which abound in them and hunters are getting in early with applications for locations this year. Thirty-three applications for camp sites were passed upon at Harrisburg this week.

Bars Closed Sept. 16.

The hotel bars in Centre county will not be open for the dispensing of drinks on election day, Sept. 16, until 8 o'clock in the evening, the primary election law providing that the bars shall not be open after 6 a. m. and shall not be opened until one hour after the polls close. On general election days, the bars are closed all day.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.30
Butter, per pound	.28

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.80
Wheat, red	.85
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

PUBLIC SALE.

At the home of John Kelley, two miles West of Bellefonte, near Valley View, there will be offered at public sale on Saturday, Sept. 20th, at one o'clock, P. M., the following household goods: 3 bed-room suites, 2 single beds, parlor suite, side-board, cupboard, 2 sinks, 4 good carpets, a stair carpet, matting, 2 dining-room tables, set of silverware, 2 couches, good range, room stove, oil stove, 7 good rocking chairs, 2 parlor stands, chairs, dishes, lamps and other articles too numerous to mention.

L. F. Mayes, Auctioneer.

Don't think that pilescan't be cured Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cent at any drug store.

Read "The Republican $1 dollar a year fn advance.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

The World's Gypsies.

The gypsies have passed under a variety of names, arising either from their supposed original country or the callings and characteristics of the race. The old English Egyptian, the Spanish Gitana and the Magyar Pharas nepek (Pharaoh's people) all point to an Egyptian origin. The Scandinavian Tatare identifies them with the Mongolian hordes which terrorized early Europe, while the French Bohemian suggests yet another country as their cradle.

As to the names bestowed by their supposed character, the Arab boldly calls them harami (a villain), the Dutchman heydens, or heathens, and the Persian takes his name from their complexion and dubs them karachi, or swarthy. A charter of William the Lion, as early as the twelfth century, mentions their Scotch name of tinklers, which is commonly supposed to be a corruption of tinker, although possibly the substitution of "t" for "z" has produced this form of the Italian zingaro, one of the most widespread of gypsy appellations.—London Spectator.

The Moth and the Candle.

It is not because the moth is light-hearted, heedless and utterly frivolous, as we have always been told, that it plunges headlong into the flame, but because of the way that its body is constructed, says Kaempffert, the well known student of physical science. There are two symmetrical points, exactly alike chemically, on the moth's body—namely, its eyes. If the rays of light modify the chemical conditions of one side more than the other then the moth's power of movement is affected. There is a stronger muscular tension on one side than on the other, and the moth is forced to move toward the source of light. If, however, one of the eyes is removed the chemical symmetery is destroyed and instead of plunging into the flame it moves about in a circle. There are other animals and insects besides the moth which are hopelessly in the grip of light. If a snail is placed between a white wall and a black wall the unequal lighting forces it to crawl in a circle.—Chicago Tribune.

The Symbolic Key.

Art, music and poetry have in all ages been considered the polite arts, but what is art without the proper portrayal of the dress of the age that it seeks to represent? What is music that does not bring inspiration from the masters of the past who were clothed in the power to give us glimpses of men and ideals of whom the only lasting impression can be gained by the form our imaginations give to them? And our imaginations clothe them in robes in which their creators sent them out on their errands of giving the world higher ideals. Then what is poetry but thought clothed in words? No matter from what side viewed, the figure of speech of clothing is the symbolic key that gives entrance to these higher realms, and therefore why should not clothes themselves touch the hem of the garments of the arts, with which they are so closely in touch?—American Tailor and Cutter.

The Australian Appetite.

An Australian paper gives some surprising statistics of what the average Australian eats. Apparently he has the best appetite, if not the best digestion, of any human being on the planet. He eats every year 264 pounds of meat, which works out at an average of two sheep and one-fifth of a bullock for every man, woman and baby in Australasia. He eats more than twice as much meat as the average Englishman, three times as much as the average Frenchman and four times as much as the average German or Swiss. He eats, in addition, about three and three-quarters hundredweight of wheat, two and a half hundredweight of potatoes and almost one hundredweight of sugar. If he is a Tasmanian he eats a quarter of a ton of potatoes in a year.

Titles.

"That is a remarkably distinguished family of yours."

"Yes," replied Mr. Mildman. "My wife is president of several societies. My eldest son is a captain in the Salvation Army and his brother is an officer in the boy scouts."

"And is there no special distinction for you?"

"Yes. I'm the only person in the house who is addressed as plain 'mister.'"—Washington Star.

A Slight Blemish.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mulligan, who was having a chat with two friends, "me husband's a wonderful man. He can mend clocks. Sure, Mrs. Moriarty, didn't he mend your cuckoo clock so that it kapes beautiful time now?"

"That he did, Mrs. Mulligan," replied Mrs. Moriarty; "he mended it all right. It's only got one single fault now—it 'oos' before it 'cucks!'"—London Telegraph.

Harmony In Life.

It is not by reducing life to less, but by expanding it to more—not by muffling its stern notes, but by ringing its sweetness clearly out—that a serene harmony may be obtained.

Cause For Jealousy.

Jess—They went to the lake district on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched. Rose—What was the trouble? Jess—George fell in love with the scenery.—Cleveland Leader.

Bright Outlook.

She—Is your brother, who is deaf, any better. He—Yes. He was arrested yesterday, and I'm told he is to get his hearing in the morning.—Brooklyn Citizen.

This is a copy of our Rexall Store Advertisement in this week's (September 12) Saturday Evening Post. Read it and profit by it.

If You Knew—

OF the months and oftimes years, devoted to painstaking, conscientious testing and proving by actual use of every formula for any Rexall Toilet Preparation before that formula was finally adopted as worthy;
Of the exact, earnest care used in selecting each ingredient, and the rigid testing for purity and strength before it could become a part of the preparation;
Of the guarantee on each Rexall Toilet preparation that, if it does not give satisfaction in every way, "we want you to go back to the store where you bought it and get your money; it belongs to you and we want you to have it;" and

If You Saw—

The sanitary, airy, sun-lighted, shiningly clean laboratories in which Rexall Toilet preparations are made; the white-capped, white aproned, wholesomely-clean young women who put them up; and

If You Realized—

That the co-operation in buying, manufacturing and selling of more than 7,000 Rexall Stores—one leading drug store in each important city and town in the United States, Canada, Great Britain—makes it possible to reduce to a minimum the cost to you of the finished product;

Then You Would Believe—

That it is an Advantage for you to buy **Rexall** Toilet Preparations

They are listed here at very low prices for goods of high quality. They are:

Rexall Shaving Lotion, 2 sizes	25, 50c	Rexall Cold Cream, 3 sizes	10c, 25c, 50c
Rexall Toilet Cream	25c	Rexall Camphorated Cold Cream	25c
Rexall Rose Water and Glycerine	25c	(Also Rexall Theatrical Cold Cream prepared especially for the profession in ½ lb. and 1 lb. quantities)	
Rexall Cream of Almonds	35c		
Rexall Violet Talcum Powder	25c		
Rexall Toilet Soap, 10c a cake	3 for 25c		

Fragrant and sanitary preparations for the teeth, in whichever form you prefer:

Rexall Antiseptic Tooth Powder	25c
Rexall Tooth Wash	25c
Rexall Tooth Paste	25c

Real lather-making, soothing soap, in three forms to give the discriminating shaver his choice:

Rexall Shaving Powder	25c
Rexall Shaving Stick	25c
Rexall Shaving Cream	25c

"Rexall Toilet Goods Week" begins to-day at all The Rexall Stores.

In the Saturday Evening Post on October 11 will be printed "Rexall Ad-Vantage No. 2," on Violet Dulce Perfumes and Toilet Preparations.

These Goods are Sold only at

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

BELLEFONTE The Rexall Store PENNA.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Dead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Stuart, wife of Howard Malcolm Stuart, died on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Roaring Springs hospital after an extended illness, due to cancer of the liver. Deceased was a daughter of the late Alexander and Sarah McDonald Stuart, pioneer settlers of the upper Bald Eagle valley, and was born at Martha Furnace August 12, 1859, residing there until about eight years ago when she removed to Tyrone. She was married thirty-seven years ago to Howard Malcolm Stuart, who survives with these children: Mrs. J. R. Williams, of Julian; Alda Stuart, of Altoona; Clair Devine, of Johnstown; Bardens Stuart, of Chester, and John Wesley, Harry, Gilbert and Edith, at home. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters: Alexander McDonald, of Blairsville; Mary McDonald, of Ohio; Joseph, Abner, Sherman and Mrs. George Murray, of Martha, and Mrs. Nora Hall, of Alport. Funeral services were held at Tyrone on Tuesday evening and on Wednesday interment was made at Martha.

More New Highways.

Bids for the construction of over 60,000 feet of highway on the State aid plan, in which the Commonwealth bears fifty per cent. of the cost, will be asked by the State Highway Department within a month. Contracts are pending for over 120,000 feet and will be let this month. By the time snow flies it is expected that over a quarter million feet of road to be built on the state aid plan will have been built or constracted for this year. Surveys to obtain estimates of cost for sections are being made in a dozen counties.

Under Bond to Keep Peace.

Matthew Conaway, tax collector in Snow Shoe township, was on Monday placed under $300 bond to keep the peace for one year, following proceeding before Squire Musser, in Bellefonte. Conway was arrested at the instance of his wife and step-daughter, who alleged cruel treatment and assult.

Agricultural Statistics.

Pennsylvania's new bureau of agricultural statistics provided for by the last legislature, is to obtain its information regarding the number of farmers, farms and cattle, the area of cultivated and wooded land, the variety and value of crops direct from the counties of the state. The new bureau is just being organized and arrangements have been made to secure from the commissioners of the counties the names of all farmers and their holdings as returned by assessors and then steps to obtain the data required to maintain the bureau will be taken. It is the idea to establish the bureau on as comprehensive a scale for agriculture and its allied industries as the State bureau of industrial statistics, which has been operated for years. There are lists of all owners of creameries, stallions and orchards, but none of farmers or anything showing the extent and value of crops complied officially.

Foresters at Work.

The eleven graduates of the State's Forestry Academy at Mont Alto this year have all been given places in the Pennsylvania forestry service and are engaged in practical work in supervising some of the 990,000 acres of Father Penn's domain and in preventing fires. Virtually all of the men engaged in the forestry service are graduates of its own academy and it is expected that within a short time the reserves will commence to show a considerable revenue, thanks to the scientific manner in which the land is reforested. Hundreds of thousands of trees are being set out each year and the timber cut is finding a ready sale.

Miss Boyce a Bride.

Miss Mary E. Boyce, daughter of Mr and Mrs. W. M. Boyce, of Clearfield, was married on Monday of last week to Mr. Henry Servier, of Chicago. The pretty wedding ceremony was performed at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Servier will reside at Chicago, in which city the groom is an instructor of physical culture in the public schools.

UNION COUNTY FAIR

BROOK PARK, NEAR LEWISBURG, PA.

Septembea 23 to 26

Reduced Fare Excursion Tickets

Will be sold to Brook Park on above date, good returning until September 27, from Bellefonte and intermediate stations.

SPECIAL RETURNING TRAIN

Thursday, September 25. Leaves Brook Park 5.45 P. M. for Bellefonte and intermediate stations. Consult Ticket Agents.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR SALE—Single house and lot on Willow Bank Street. Inquire MRS. S. E. SATERFIELD, Bishop, Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire,
MOWRY'S CAFE.
6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon.
E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE—Driving mare, blooded stock and pedigree; perfectly safe; not afraid of automobiles; may be driven by ladies. Inquire of or address R. C. Noll, Pleasant Gap, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale, desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa.
7-31-tf.

FOR SALE OR RENT:—8 room frame house, located in Sunnyside, near Bellefonte; water at rear of house; house well built and in good condition. Inquire ARISTA LUCAS, Fleming, Pa.
6-12-5t

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly.
Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co.
Lansing, Mich.

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THE DUELISTS

How They Were Punished For Fighting

By F. A. MITCHEL

Cardinal Richelieu was sitting at his desk in his palace in Paris attending to official business when an attendant entered and said:

"Please, your eminence, a woman has been arrested for masquerading in man's apparel. She desires to be brought before your eminence."

"Why should I be troubled by a matter that pertains to the watch?" asked the cardinal, looking up from his papers.

"The young lady says, your eminence, that she has information to give which you would value."

"Of what nature?"

"Dueling. She will give you the names of two officers of the army who are to fight today."

The cardinal's manner changed at once. "Another of these affairs, eh, despite my orders but just published! If I don't put a stop to this practice I shall in time lose every officer in the service. I will stop it if I have to hang the whole army. Admit the girl."

She came in, blushing for her apparel, tall for a woman and well formed. She stood before the cardinal with bent head.

"Why are you so attired?" he asked.

"Because I intended to take the place of a man in a duel today."

"You fight a duel!" snarled his eminence. "Shall I have to bring the women of the kingdom to the block as well as the men?"

"Hear me, your eminence. One of the best swordsmen in France is to meet on the field of honor one of the worst. I learned of the meeting in time, sent for the latter and succeeded in locking him in a room from which he cannot escape. I intended to fight in his stead."

"Their names!"

"I will die, your eminence, rather than reveal them without your promise that their lives shall be spared."

The cardinal hesitated for a moment, then gave the required promise.

"Captain de la Tour, the famous swordsman, and Lieutenant Durant," said the girl.

On the cold visage of the cardinal appeared a trace of admiration for this woman who was going to meet death in place of another.

"You are Mlle. Remercier, I believe, one of the queen's maids of honor. This nefarious dueling pest that is killing off every year hundreds of the king's best officers seems to be more in vogue among persons of quality than the lower orders. I wish you were a man. I would behead De la Tour and give you his commission. Why were you about to give your life for that of Lieutenant Durant?"

"Because I would rather die than lose him."

The cardinal paused a moment in thought. "Singular," he said, half to himself and half to the girl, "this thing called love! I can conceive of all other passions, but not this one, and a love that will sacrifice a life for the object loved is to me as great a mystery as life itself." Then, looking up, he asked, "Where is this duel to take place?"

"In a wood on the outskirts of the city, on the bank of the Seine."

"When?"

"At noon."

"It is now near noon."

"Yes, your eminence. I was going to the ground when a gendarme of keener eye than others suspected my sex and arrested me."

"I presume Captain de la Tour is now waiting for his victim."

"Doubtless he is, and wondering why he does not appear."

Something was running with electric rapidity through the cardinal's brain. Whatever it was, it came to a head at once. Summoning an attendant, he directed him to proceed to the dueling ground and bring Captain de la Tour to the palace. Then, turning to Mlle. Remercier, he asked if she had the key to the room where her lover was confined. She gave it to him, and he sent another attendant for Durant. Then he sent the girl to another apartment to await the coming of the would be duelists.

The messenger who went for De la Tour found him pacing back and forth impatiently waiting for his enemy, his seconds standing together chatting to pass the time. When the captain saw a man coming wearing the cardinal's livery he turned pale.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "The cardinal has got wind of the affair. I am lost!"

"His eminence desires your presence at the palace," said the messenger.

De la Tour bade his comrades goodby, he and they believing that they would never meet again. Only a few days before two men had been beheaded for a like affair, and with every case the cardinal had grown more determined. Having pressed the hand of each of them, he set out for the Palais Richelieu, afterward called the Palais Royale and today occupied by shops.

Meanwhile Lieutenant Durant was a prisoner, bewailing his fate. Proud and sensitive, his mind dwelt on the contempt with which his brother officers would receive him when he met them again for not keeping an engagement to fight. He heard the hours without strike 11. For an hour he chafed, and when they clanged the hour of noon he groaned. He knew his betrothed had locked him in, but did not know that she had intended to fight in his place. Had he even supposed this he would have well nigh gone mad.

Presently, hearing a step in the hall, he listened intently, hoping for a release and that he would not be too late to keep his appointment. The door was unlocked, and he was about to push out into the corridor when he was stopped by a man, who said:

"The cardinal desires your presence at the palace."

Durant quailed. He could face death like a gentleman and a soldier, but to be executed in cold blood was not to his liking, and he did not doubt that he would suffer the execution of a felon. As he accompanied the messenger to the palace he wondered if the girl he loved could have given away the secret of the meeting. No; she had locked him up to prevent his being killed by De la Tour. She surely would not turn him over to another fate far more terrible. He was wondering how the secret could have got out and whether there was any hope for him when he and the messenger entered the palace. He was taken to a chamber, where he was placed in charge of a guard and notice of his arrival sent to the cardinal.

Presently an attendant came for him and led him to another apartment, and as he entered by one door he saw De la Tour ushered in by another. The cardinal sat in an armchair at one side, and near him stood Mlle. Remercier in man's apparel. The two duelists advanced and bowed to the cardinal. But what was most astonishing were a headsman's block and ax at one end of the room. There was no executioner present, but the culprits expected to see him enter at any moment.

"Gentlemen," said the minister, "you are doubtless aware of the recent edict against dueling, and, having conspired to disobey it, your lives are forfeited."

Both men bowed low.

"I have decided, however, to permit this meeting and to witness it myself. There is an unfairness about these duels which in this one I hope to counteract. You, Captain de la Tour, are accounted the best swordsman in France. You, Lieutenant Durant, I learn, are one of the poorest. To enable you to fight equitably I have decided that you shall continue the contest till one kills the other. He who remains alive will be dispatched by the headsman."

"But, your eminence," interposed the informant, deathly pale, "you promised me that their lives should be spared."

"And my promise is not broken by this disposition. But for you both of them would be ordered to execution at once. I cannot conceive a more noble part than that you have acted. Since in this realm a practice exists by which an expert swordsman may kill one who is practically defenseless you were about to suffer death to save the unskilled combatant. Failing in this, knowing that I alone had power to prevent this injustice, you informed me of it, but not till you had received my promise that the combatants should not be punished by death. It is not my intention to punish either of them for disobeying the edict, but to render the affair between them perfectly equitable. Gentlemen, there is ample room for you on the floor of this apartment. Take your positions and an attendant will hand you your weapons."

As the cardinal spoke the last words the men were given rapiers, and at the same time a door opened, and a masked man in tight fitting garments entered, went to the block, took up the ax and stood ready for duty. The duelists, who understood that this was a mere subterfuge of the crafty cardinal to keep his promise to Mlle. Remercier in the letter and break it in the spirit and that one was to execute the other and the headsman the victor, stood facing each other, awaiting a signal to begin the combat. They had been friends, and their quarrel had been in their cups. Neither had the faintest remembrance of its cause. Realizing that they were about to die, they stepped forward and embraced each other.

Meanwhile Mlle. Remercier had thrown herself at the feet of the cardinal to beg for their lives. Her back being turned to the combatants and her head bowed, she did not see the embrace. The cardinal raised her and turned her toward them.

"Look!" he said. "The affair is ended the way I would have all such affairs ended—in a reconciliation. Gentlemen, put away your swords. If you supposed Richelieu to be so crafty as this to break his word to one whose life is demanded by the king's welfare perhaps you are right, but you wrong him if you think he could act such a part toward this noble girl. You, Captain de la Tour, go to your quarters and be assured that if you offend again that masked person yonder will see that you do not offend a third time. Lieutenant Durant, I give you to Mlle. Remercier."

The lady seized the minister's hand and kissed it rapturously, while the two men, kneeling before him, begged that he would add his blessing to their pardon. He gave it, and De la Tour departed alone. Durant and Mlle. Remercier were driven away in the cardinal's carriage.

The practice that Richelieu strove so hard to eradicate still exists in France to a greater extent than in any other country. While the Anglo-Saxon has abandoned it, the Latin and Teutonic races still retain it. But nowhere is it so deadly as it was in France when Cardinal Richelieu tried to break it up. Today there are several hundred duels fought annually in France, but rarely does one result fatally, the object of each of the combatants being to "pink" the other, and at the letting of a few drops of blood the affair is usually called off.

Two Make a Quarrel

It Just Escaped a Serious Ending

By DOROTHEA HALE

Two of the boys from the Lone Bull ranch were herding a bunch of cattle among the Bow hills, which were not really hills at all, but bits of the prairie lifted into little mounds of herbage. Gabriel and Theron Crane had not spoken for three weeks. The reason for their sudden change from warm friendliness to bitter enmity was a mystery to their comrades and a matter for regret for the entire outfit.

Now they rode a few hundred yards apart, silent, taciturn and moody. It was not for them with hatred in their hearts to rejoice in the sweetness of the spring morning or to feel the pulse of the new season beating strong within them.

A very little matter precipitated the smoldering passions that lay beneath the calm exterior of their sun browned faces. Gabriel in passing his comrade, who was smoking one of his everlasting cigarettes, felt the stinging burn of a flying ash against his cheek. Involuntarily his hand sought his hip pocket, but Crane had already drawn and was looking coolly at him from behind his heavy weapon.

"W-e-l-l," drawled Crane after a little startled pause, "did you reckon you could do for me this way?"

"You know better than that. You needn't chuck your sparks in my face," retorted Gabriel furiously.

Crane smiled with a puzzled look behind his honest eyes. "What's eating you, Gabe?" he demanded after a little pause.

"What's eating you, you mean. You been looking for trouble this here three weeks. I heard all about what you said down to the canyon." Gabriel still sat half turned on his saddle, one hand on his hip.

"Looking for trouble!" repeated Crane incredulously. "Why, I been trying to keep outer trouble with you. I reckoned you'd lay for me some"—

"Lay for you!" roared Gabriel. "I ain't that kind. When I have a bone to pick I ain't a-going around throwing cigarette ashes in anybody's face. If you got anything against me I'll meet you down to Satan's gulch and we'll fight it out."

"There won't but one go home again," said Crane angrily.

"Sure."

"When will you be there?"

"Tomorrow morning at half past 4."

Without another word they separated.

There was a certain air of grim determination in Gabriel's manner that night which caused Harry Barry and Tim Lewis to exchange uneasy glances and later to meet at the gate of the corral. Harry Barry was the first to break the silence.

"Gabriel's cleaning his gun," he remarked with assumed lightness.

"So's Crane," said Tim significantly.

"What do you think they're going to do?" asked Harry uneasily.

Tim Lewis shook his head dubiously. "No telling."

"Nary guess. They've never been the same like brothers as they always was since they came home from that donation bee over to the Forks church."

"Donation bee! I reckon you're meaning the party they give the new minister, where everybody took victuals and then stayed to eat up what they brought."

Harry Barry nodded his handsome head. "I guess I was some mixed up with the quilting bee I heard they was giving to the widder who keeps house for the minister. Whatever made them two geezers get mad at each other? They didn't have anything to drink except milk. They paid some notice to the Widder Padrose."

Tim Lewis shook his head dubiously. "And they was always the best of friends," mourned Harry Barry. "Perhaps a woman came between 'em," he added hopefully as one who had discovered an elusive clew.

"Don't blame everything on the wimmen," chided Tim. "There isn't any use us guessing. We better do what we can to help keep 'em from manufacturing sieves."

"You mean to draw the charges from them guns," observed Harry Barry. "But somehow I don't know as I like the job of taking Gabriel's gun away from him while he's sleeping innocent-like. Why, he'd go into the sieve business right away with me for a sample. Guess again."

"My best guess is that I'll get up bright and early and trail 'em till I'm satisfied they're not out for blood," said Tim.

Long before Harry Barry had thrust his head from beneath his blanket Gabriel and Crane had arisen as by mutual accord and, dressing quietly, had gone down to the corral and caught up their horses.

Out in the pale dawn of a new day rode the two men who had been close friends for years. They both knew that one would never come back and the other would be a fugitive from justice. Which one would be the fugitive and which the other thing?

Perhaps they were asking themselves these questions as they rode swiftly and silently across the dewy grass. Large and brown, with strongly marked features, they might have been brothers, so close was the general resemblance between them.

All the kindliness had gone from their eyes, from the grimly set mouths, and the little muscles about their lips which twitched sometimes in silent laughter were drawn now into taut lines.

The dawn grew paler and then flushed with the coming of the sun. The whole world was alight with the reddening glory, with the tonic sweetness of the morning, but the two men riding forth to do vengeance each upon the other saw nothing save the first grim outline of the tall cottonwoods that mark the entrance to Satan's gulch. The trees grew larger and took definite shape as they drew nearer. The dull gray line which marked the mouth of the gulch became an opening which finally became large enough for them to ride through into the rock inclosed desolate place.

At the farther end there was a level stretch of sand. Here they could wreak vengeance for their real or fancied wrongs, and the sun would not be in their eyes to dazzle their sight and balk them of their revenge.

Slowly they dismounted, making much delay over the careful staking of their horses at a respectful distance, fussing over the adjustment of saddles and blankets and delaying in every way the crucial moment. At last, when there was no excuse for further delay, Gabriel walked slowly to the farthest point and leaned against a rock.

"I'm ready," he said carelessly.

"Same here," returned his enemy briskly.

"There won't but one go back," said Gabriel slowly. "I s'pose there might be a message to send."

An uncomfortable pause followed. At last Crane spoke. "I ain't heard what it was you was sore about," he said grimly. "I don't mind shooting a man when I think he deserves it. But, confound you, Gabe, I don't know what's the matter with you."

"You lie!" returned Gabriel deliberately.

"That's enough," remarked Crane. "Count ten."

He drew his revolver and leveled its long blue barrel at his erstwhile friend. Gabriel did likewise and slowly counted ten.

There was a blinding flash of powder, with a simultaneous report from the two weapons. When the smoke had cleared away the two revolvers were lying on the sand and the antagonists were each nursing a right arm.

Crane darted forward, snatched up one of the weapons with his left hand and held it close to Gabriel's head.

"If you don't tell me what's eating you," he snarled angrily, "I'll blow some daylight into you."

The other glared back at him fiercely. "You mean to say you don't know what's the matter?" he demanded.

"Why would I be asking you, then?"

Gabriel was silent for several seconds; then he blurted out: "It's what you told Mrs. Padrose. She told me what you said the night of the doings to the minister's house."

"What did I say?" Crane's face was scarlet.

"She said you told her I was married and didn't ought to be paying attention to respectable widows. That's what she said you said. And it's a blanked lie, as you know I never was married to nobody." Gabriel's hand clasped his wounded arm.

"Of course you ain't married," breathed Crane heavily as he dropped his left hand to his side. "Have I ever told you a lie, Gabe?"

"No," snapped Gabriel.

"Do you believe me when I say that I never told that to the Widder Padrose?"

"Yes."

"Then what's your grouch about?"

Gabriel looked helplessly about him. He saw the jagged rocks, the tufts of verdure thrusting forth from the crannies, heard the lilt of the bluebird and saw the azure sky of the new day. His eyes dropped to Crane's face, pale and drawn with pain, and his own scowling countenance broke into a crumpled smile of anger and pity.

"Dash it all! Did I wing you, you old cherub? Here!" Tenderly he assisted Crane to a reclining position, cut his sleeve and bandaged the wound his bullet had made. Then he applied his flask to Crane's compressed lips and watched with concern his comrade's efforts to swallow. Forgetful of the bullet that was in his own right arm, he worked over the other until at last Crane sat up, a thin saturnine smile curving his mouth.

"I'm all right now, Gabe. Get down here and let me fix you up. I reckon I'm jest as good a shot as you are!"

An hour afterward the two rode slowly toward the Lone Bull. Each right arm was bandaged stiffly, and each revolver was thrust in a left hand pocket.

"As for that Widder Padrose," began Gabriel, when Crane cut in roughly:

"Dash the widders for a meddlesome crew!"

Out of the distance two horsemen rode to meet them. One was Harry Barry, and the other was Tim Lewis. At sight of the two older men riding together in apparent friendliness the youngsters threw up their hats and whooped joyfully.

"What's worrying you two fellers?" asked Gabriel, with his old time geniality.

"Heard the news?" asked Harry Barry, with a desire to avoid personalities.

"What news?"

"The Baptist minister has married his housekeeper, Mrs. Padrose. What do you think of that, eh?"

Crane scratched his chin thoughtfully. "I think I'll call on the minister and extend my hearty—er—condolences," he said.

Then he and Gabriel indulged in a left armed handshake.

Reasonable Mistrust.

"Now let us try," she said, "to keep the other passengers from discovering that we are a bride and bridegroom."

"All right, dearest," he replied. "How shall we deceive them?"

"Buy a couple of magazines, and we will pretend to be busy reading them and avoid noticing each other."

"That's a fine idea, sweetheart. I'll get them right away."

Twenty minutes later:

"Lovey!"

"What is it, dearest?"

"You are holding your magazine upside down."

"Oh, George! If you are going to begin being critical now how shall I ever be able to please you after we have been married for five years."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Oriental Gems.

All gems of the finest quality, irrespective of the part of the world from which they come, are generally spoken of as "Oriental," because the supply of precious stones came only from the east for many centuries; and when mines were discovered in the west, it was at first assumed that the stones were inferior. "Occidental" is the term applied to inferior stones to this day.

On the other hand, "Oriental topaz," "Oriental emerald" and "Oriental amethyst" are really all sapphires, and are given these names only on account of their color.

The Old School Slate.

Remember the old school slates, bound in red flannel to prevent the noise of slate rattling that used to become unbearable until manufacturers found how to muffle them? Stores selling school supplies used to carry great stocks of them, for it was a rare day in a room that did not see a slate or two broken; but where are they all now? Since the boards of health decided that they were insanitary and decreed against them the whole tribe has disappeared.—Columbus Dispatch.

On the Safe Side.

She—It's a wonder you wouldn't take a notion to use soap and water. He—I have though of it, mum, but there's so many kinds of soap and it's so hard to tell which is and which is not injurious to the skin that I didn't like to take any risks.—Puck.

Quite a Difference.

"Let's see. You live in a flat, don't you?"

"N-not exactly. We occupy a suit of apartments."

"What's the difference?"

"About $25 a month."—Chicago Tribune.

Keep Busy.

If you keep reasonably busy the chances are that you will get into little mischief. This recipe is good for either sex.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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The Paisley Shawl

Story of Return to Rightful Owner

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It smelled of camphor and attar of roses when Camilla Atwood lifted it from the chest where it had lain for many years. The Paisley shawl had a little history of its own, and Camilla, sitting in the sunny western window of her sky room, spread it in her lap and tried to recall what her mother had said about it.

Years before, when Camilla was quite a little girl, the Atwoods had been driving along a country road when they discovered the beautiful shawl lying in the dust, where it had no doubt fallen from some passing carriage.

When Camilla was twenty-two her father failed in business and lived but a short time, and as her mother had died some years before Camilla was left alone to make her own way in the world. That was why she was occupying this sunny top floor room in a city boarding house. She taught French and music in a private school, and the slender salary she received was sometimes eked out by engagements to play at musicales at the homes of her pupils.

She expected to play tonight at the Channings', and she had spent all her spare time since 3 o'clock in furbishing up her one evening gown, cleaning her white gloves and carefully darning a small tear in her small black slipper. Camilla had sadly lacked a cloak to wear on these occasions, and she was ashamed to appear again in her faded raincoat. That was why she was sitting on the floor before the old camphor wood chest looking speculatively at the Paisley shawl.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet and shook out the folds of the shawl. It billowed away in lustrous tints of red and brown and gold and green. Camilla caught it up, dropped one fringed corner over her black mist of hair and gathered the rest of it over her arms and about her slender figure. As she surveyed herself in the mirror a swift blush of pleasure at her own loveliness heightened her beauty. Her dark eyes shone like stars, and a charming smile played about her tender lips.

She was going over her evening's repertoire when the whistling tube warned her that Mrs. Channing's carriage was at the door. With a last glance at the reflection of her tall, graceful form clothed in filmy black with a string of tiny pearls at her throat, Camilla draped the Paisley shawl about her shoulders and went downstairs.

The evening was much like other musical evenings, and when it was over Camilla declined to partake of refreshment and was glad to re-enter the carriage which waited to take her home.

Just as the carriage was turning into the uptown cross street where Camilla lived there was the sound of an automobile horn, hoarse shouting and then a sickening crash as the horses swerved aside and swung the vehicle against a lamppost.

Camilla was flung from side to side of the softly padded carriage, but suffered no injury beyond a severe shaking up and a violent fright. At last the babel of confusion outside ceased, while some one forced open the door. A man's hatless head and a pair of broad shoulders were thrust within.

"I hope you are not hurt?" he queried anxiously.

"No, not in the least. What has happened?" asked Camilla in her turn.

"A motorcar frightened your horses, and they shied and threw the carriage against a post. May I assist you to alight and call another carriage for you?"

Camilla placed her hand in his and descended to the pavement, where a crowd had gathered. The motorcar was puffing impatiently on the other side of the street, and the coachman was striving to quiet the restive horses. At a little distance an ambulance was backed up to the curb, and a couple of white clad hospital doctors were bent above a form on the pavement.

"Some one has been injured," cried Camilla as she moved toward the ambulance. The tall man with the broad shoulders kept beside her as if to protect her from the inquisitive crowd.

"Yes. An elderly woman was crossing the street at the time, and, while it is not believed that that carriage struck her, we think she has been so thoroughly frightened that it has resulted in a shock of some sort."

"Oh, are they going to take her to a hospital?" asked Camilla as they drew near.

"They were, but as my office is close by I have persuaded them to turn the case over to me. I am a physician, you know, and the woman begged so hard not to be taken to a public institution that I could not resist her appeal."

Camilla turned and, looking up at him, found his glance resting on her with unmistakable admiration. He hastily turned his eyes away and bent over the woman on the pavement.

"I think I can carry her in now," he suggested, and as one of the attendants started to throw a sheet around the shrinking old form he added, "I'll send into the house for a rug."

"Oh, take mine," said Camilla, and in an instant she had tossed off the Paisley shawl and was wrapping it about the injured woman.

Shivering in the night air and blushing at the publicity which her impulsive act had occasioned, Camilla meekly followed the doctor's tall form as he strode along to where a red lantern gleamed above a stone doorway.

"Here we are!" he announced cheerfully, and at his direction Camilla pressed a button which opened the front door like magic, and they were bathed in the grateful warmth of a long, red lighted, crimson carpeted hall.

The physician turned aside into a reception room and laid the woman on a leather couch. She was a small, meek looking little body, with snow white hair, from which a shabby little bonnet hung disconsolately. Her old fashioned mantle was thin and worn, and a shabby piece of mink fur was tied about her throat. Her eyes were bright and shining, and her thin hands caressed the folds of the Paisley shawl which the physician was carefully withdrawing from her form.

"How beautiful it is!" she sighed regretfully. "It seems so like old times to have the 'feel' of it between my fingers." She closed her faded eyes, and two tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"I wish you would keep it for a few days," said Camilla with another impulse to pity, "only—I don't see how I am to get home."

"Oh, if I might just have it to look at! It is so much like one I owned many years ago! You will scarcely believe me, my dears, but once I lost a Paisley shawl from my own carriage—it was a gift from my husband—and I never recovered it." The old woman pressed the shawl with loving fingers, which threaded the silken fringe with little stroking movements of delight in its very touch.

"What shall I do, doctor?" asked Camilla in perplexity. "I would dearly love to gratify her desire."

"She will be here at the most for a couple of days," returned the physician gravely. "Your beautiful shawl seems to have acted as a restorative in her case, and if you care to leave it here until she departs I will assure you that it will be treasured. It is very beautiful. I can remember that my grandmother wore one like that."

He smiled boyishly, and the smile seemed to invade every feature of his good looking face. Without more ado he stepped to a wardrobe and brought forth a long army cape of dark blue. "If you will wear this home"— he suggested.

"That is just the thing," said Camilla as he laid it over her shoulders and she fastened it about her white throat. She went over to the woman lying on the couch and took one of the thin hands in her own.

"I hope you will feel very much better at once," she said sweetly. "I am going to leave my shawl with you while you are under the doctor's care. You will enjoy that?"

"Indeed I will," smiled the woman gratefully. "It looks like the one I lost so many years ago."

"Where did you lose it?" asked Camilla quickly.

"In a little New England village called Blakeford," said the woman slowly, as if refreshing a latent memory. "My husband and I were enjoying a driving tour through some of the country towns, and I always carried my shawl with me. It was so soft and warm and so rich in color that I loved to look at it. While we were passing through Blakeford our progress was interrupted by a cable message from abroad calling us to the bedside of our only son. I suppose the shawl was dropped from the carriage during our mad rush to catch the only train that would connect us with a departing steamer. I did not miss it until we arrived in New York, and I knew it would be too late to recover it. Your shawl is a perfect copy of my own. I suppose it is an heirloom."

"Tell me what year you lost your shawl," requested Camilla with agitation.

"It was in 1883. I well remember the date, for our son died, and then my husband followed, and since then my life has been one of loneliness and hard work."

Camilla pressed the shawl around the shrunken form, and she bent gracefully and kissed the withered cheeks. "It is your very own shawl come back to you across the years," she whispered, "and perhaps it is to herald better times for you!"

She sat down and related to the enraptured old woman the story of how her own parents had found the shawl in the village of Blakeford in the year 1883, and Dr. Lindley stood near, an interested listener. His eyes more often rested on the animated face of the beautiful girl, and he appeared to be ridiculously pleased when the old woman insisted on introducing herself as Mrs. Benton, the widow of a once prominent financier, and then introducing Camilla and the doctor in the most formal manner.

It was early in the morning when the doctor called a carriage and Camilla entered it to return to her boarding house. She was without the gorgeous Paisley shawl, but wrapped in the long military cape that smelled of tobacco she did not seem to miss the richer garment. The room on the top floor seemed bathed in a rosy glow, and a little song rippled in her heart. Camilla did not know why she was so happy.

It came out beautifully in the end. The doctor fell in love with Camilla Atwood, and old Mrs. Benton came and kept house for them. The doctor said that he and Camilla would have met somewhere, somehow, in the world anyway, but his wife maintained that if it had not been for the Paisley shawl they never would have met each other.

TRIED TO BE TACTFUL.

Yet Little Glory's Scheme Didn't Work Out According to Rule.

"Children," said Mr. Timkins, who had been suddenly moved to deliver a little sermon as he swallowed his second egg at breakfast, "whenever you hear anybody say anything mean or unpleasant, act as though you hadn't heard it. Talk about something else and pretend you don't hear. That's what we call tact."

When Mr. Timkins got home that afternoon from the office he observed that somebody had strewn his favorite golf clubs and all his golf balls over the front yard. Summoning his six-year-old daughter Glory, he said sternly:

"Glory, did you get all dad's golf things out and put them here where anybody could steal them?"

"Dad," replied Glory with perfect composure, "isn't it too bad our ice cream freezer's out of order, 'cause Mary can't make any ice cream?"

"Glory, did you dig up all this turf knocking those balls around?"

"And Uncle Randolph came and took mother for a ride in his auto," continued the six-year-old. "When are we going to get an auto, dad?"

"But, Glory," said Mr. Timkins, "I want to know about these golf clubs. Did you strew them around here? Why don't you answer?"

"Well, yes, I did," said the young person, "but I was trying to change the subject, 'cause I didn't want you to know that I heard something mean and unpleasant."—New York Post.

MUNICIPAL PAWNSHOPS.

In the Mont de Piete the Parisian Has a Model Institution.

The story of the Mont de Piete, the great pawnshop of Paris, reads like a romance. It is the survival of an old bank conducted by a religious order established to fight usury. This benevolent enterprise was given up to be started afresh under the direction of the government in 1801, when Napoleon was near the height of his glory. The profits go to the state and to charity—to the public aid department and to the hospitals of Paris. These charities benefit about $70,000 a year.

The storage facilities of the Mont de Piete are admirable. The Frenchman may pawn his feather bed. When it comes back to him it, as well as mattresses, blankets and all bed furnishings, has been thoroughly disinfected. The rate of interest on loans is small, and it encourages by all means the redemption of the goods on which money has been advanced. As the Mont de Piete advances money only on a conservative valuation—as a rule to the value of two-thirds of the article pawned—there is generally a surplus to go to the pawner if the pledge is sold.

Municipal pawnshops in Berlin charge 12 per cent, in Brussels 7 per cent and in Madrid 6 per cent.

In London for small loans the pawnshop rate is from 400 to 1,000 per cent per annum.—Indianapolis News.

Too Numerous.

A darky employed as an office boy in Kentucky came to work one morning with a face that looked as though it had been run through a meat grinder.

"Henry," demanded his surprised employer, "what in the world has happened to you?"

"Well, suh, boss," explained Henry, "I got into a little argument las' night wit' another nigger, and one thing led to another twell I up and hit at him. Well, suh, it seemed lak dat irritated him. He took and blacked both of mah eyes and bit one of mah years mighty nigh off and split mah lip and knocked two of mah teeth loose, and den he th'owed me down and stamped me in de stomach. Honest, boss, I never did git so sick of a nigger in mah life!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Ancient Coffins.

The coffins of the ancient Egyptians were made of marble and stone. The Romans used similar receptacles for their dead, and Alexander the Great is said to have been buried in a coffin of solid gold. In parts of England glass coffins have been found. The Athenian heroes were buried in coffins made of cedar, owing to its aromatic and incorruptible qualities, while the first record of wooden coffins in England dates back to the days of King Arthur. This monarch was supposed to have been buried in the hollowed trunk of a gigantic oak tree.

The Lesson of Experience.

"I'll bet that that bridal couple have been married before."

"Why?"

"They've been living in the flat above us for two weeks now, and they haven't started to quarrel about each other's relatives yet."—Detroit Free Press.

The Milkmaid.

"You have too much rouge on, my dear young woman, to enact properly a milkmaid."

"Have I, sir? But I thought a milkmaid should be rosy cheeked."

"On the contrary, a milkmaid is naturally a pail girl."—London Telegraph.

The Only Chance.

Geraldine—Do you think that two can live as cheaply as one? Gerald—Not unless one is a cannibal and lives on the other.—Woman's Home Companion.

Business Tip.

The most successful matrimonial agencies are those conducted by handsome young widows.—New York Tribune.

Patience is the honest man's revenge.—Cyril Tournier.

Fairbrook Country Club Officers.

The annual meeting of the Fairbrook Country club was held at the club house, Pennsylvania Furnace, Thursday of last week. The following officers were elected:

President, A. G. Morris; vice president Geo. C. Wilson; secretary, John D. Meyer; treasurer, H. Himmelwright; Board of Governors—John B. Kunz and Jas. S. Woods, Huntingdon; S. W. Griffith, Altoona; Dr. Jno. B. Nason and Robert T. Garman, Tyrone.

Death of Infant.

Mr. and Mrs. John Waite, of Beech Creek, are mourning the death of their infant daughter, Charlotte Kathryn, aged three months, who died on Thursmorning of last week. Funeral services were held on Saturday afternoon and were conducted by Rev. James Dunning, of Howard.

Woman's Brave Act.

At the risk of her own life Mrs. Warren Reighard, of Tyrone, plunged into the big spring on West Washington avenue at that place last Saturday morning and saved the life of little Orris Frye, a son of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Frye, of Washington avenue near Tenth street.

Found Monster Snake Skin.

Charles Yingling, working at the C. P. Coughrey lumber camp, four miles northeast of Bald Eagle station, on Thursday of last week found the shed skin of a blacksnake which measured seven feet in length, and was six inches in circumference.

To Hold Union Meetings.

Rev. Milton S. Reese, of Rochester, N. Y., has been engaged by the members of the Philipsburg Ministerial Association to assist the christian forces of Philipsburg in conducting union evangelistic services to begin Sunday, Oct 12.

Don't think that pilescan't be cured Thousands of obstinate cases have been cured by Doan's Ointment. 50 cent at any drug store.

Cures While you Walk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes It instantly takes the sting out of corns itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, ching feet. Try it today. Sold everywhere 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

State Highway Completed.

The state highway connections between Osceola and Haulton's farm, a short distance southwest of Philipsburg, have been completed and the road is now open to the public.

Read "The Republican $1 a year.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE

Crider's Stone Bl'dg

High Street,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Every man should have intimate relations with a good bank, ready at all times to help its patrons. Let us open an account with you. We may prove to be a friend when you need one.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoating and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not, the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

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Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1909 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv. Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
Coleville	6.35	10. 0	2.07
Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.20
Bloomsdorf	f 7.40		.....
Strubles	f 7.45		3.30
State College	8.00		f 5.05
Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
Waddles			f 5.25
Briarly	f		5.37
Fillmore	f		f 5.38
Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.40
Morris	f 8.37		f 5.40
Coleville	8.40		f 5.50
A. Bellefonte	8.50		f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR BACKACHE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
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Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
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TO make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in
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AN encyclopædia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photo-reproductions, 4 color pages and 6 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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PROMPTLY RELIEVED BY THE ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c & $1
DRUGGISTS.
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FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE
FOR STOMACH TROUBLE and CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Miss Ruth Gamble was hostess at a motor picnic last Saturday.

Notice will be given next week of the opening of Mrs. Garber's dancing class.

Dr. and Mrs. David Dale are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter.

Mrs. A. G. Morris is confined to her home and is attended by a trained nurse.

Miss Marion Dukeman departed yesterterday for Williamsport, where she is visiting with friends.

Miss Baer has returned to Bellefonte and resumed her duties as an instructor in the High School.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. Furst motored to Williamsport over Sunday with Mrs. Furst's mother, Mrs. E. S. Harrar.

Mr. Thomes Martin, who is employed in Akron, Ohio, is spending some time at his home on South Allegheny Street.

Dr. Walter Stewart, of WilkesBarre visited here this week with his mother, Mrs. Patsy Stewart, on West Linn Street,

Mrs. Mary M. Jacobs, who visited for several weeks with her sister, Mrs. F. W. Crider, departed on Monday for Mifflin.

Mr. and Mrs. James, of Lake Helen Florida, recently spent a few days very enjoyably with their mother, Mrs. Brugger, at Unionville.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cook departed on Tuesday for Asbury Park, where they will spend some time with their daughter, Mrs. John Hinman Gibson.

Miss Sue Holter, of near Curtin, and nephew, William Curtin, of Oklahoma, a student of State College, were visitors with Philipsburg friends last week.

James C. Nolan, of Huston, was a visitor in town for the fair last week. He was accompanied by his two sons, John and Merwin, fine, sturdy young men.

Ira Aley, of Jacksonville, son of Samuel Aley, one of Centre County's well known citizens, was among those in town last Thursday for the county fair.

Misses Elizabeth and Mary Blanchard returned home on Tuesday, after a successful season at various seashore resorts in conducting sales of baskets from the Bellefonte Basket Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Foster and Mr. and Mrs. Tull, of Philadelphia, motored to Bellefonte on Monday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chaney Hicklen.

William H. Austin, one of Blanchard's progressive citizens, was a Bellefonte visitor during fair week and while in town found time to call at "The Republican" office.

Mrs. Norman K. Wright will arrive in Bellefonte on Saturday and make this place her future home. Mr. Wright is one of the newly established officials of the Bellefonte Central Railroad.

The check for $50 which Mr. Seig received for the rental of the glass works meadow on the day of Sig Sautell's circus he generously turned over to the Bellefonte hospital to be devoted to the fund for the new laundry.

Henry Brockerhoff, who has been spending the summer with Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff and his sister, Miss Mary Brockerhoff, has returned to Philadelphia preparatory to resuming his studies at Georgetown College, Washington, D. C.

Miss Hazel Hartsock, of Stormstown, has gone to Altoona to spend the winter attending the central grammar school. She is making her home at the residence of her brother, Samuel G. Hartsock, 908 Twentieth avenue, Altoona.

The quarterly communion of the Bellefonte United Brethren church will be held on Sunday, next. Mrs. L. H. Leitzell, president of the Women's Missionary Societies, Allegheny Conference, will speak at the evening service.

Rev. C. W. Winey on Tuesday accompanied little Paul Miller to Philadelphia, where Paul is a student at the Mt. Airy school for the deaf and dumb. Since entering this school Paul has made splendid progress, all of which is especially gratifying to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Miller, and their many friends.

J. Hale Steinman, one of the number killed in the New Haven and Hartford railroad wreck last week, was a nephew of Mrs. Sophie Hale, of Philipsburg. He was one of the camping party returning from Maine. His parents and two sisters are touring Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Ruger and young son, Richard, who have been residing at Alcott, West Virginia, have decided to locate in Janesville, Wisconsin, at which place Mr. Ruger's parents make their home. Mr. and Mrs. Ruger several years ago resided in Bellefonte.

Young in spirits as though they were in their 'teens still, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blake, of Port Matilda, spent several days in Bellefonte last week and enjoyed the county fair. Mr. Blake is a representative of the Stetson Oil Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, and his duties keep him on the road the greater part of the time. However, he managed to take a few days off last week and arranged to enjoy them with the best girl in the world. Needless to say, they enjoyed themselves during every minute of the time, but like most everybody else they were glad to get home again.

Dr. J. M. Brockerhoff has as his guest Captain Halberstadt, of Pottsville.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland visited here a few days with Mrs. D. H. Hastings.

Cummings McNitt visited here during fair week with his brother, Andrew R. McNitt.

Mr. and Mrs. James All, of Philadelphia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard.

Orvis Keller, who has been spending the summer in the far West, has returned to resume his studies at Penn State.

Charles K. Rath, of Elizabeth, N. J., visited in Bellefonte on Tuesday with Mrs. Rath, at the F. W. Crider home on West Linn Street.

Mrs. John Irvin, of Julian, motner of Edward Irvin, came down recently to see the latter, who is here from Cherry Tree while convalescing. With Mrs. Irvin he accompanied his mother to her home.

Malcolm Spicer and Miss Vera Lutz, both of Bellefonte, were married last Thursday afternoon by Rev. C. W. Winey, pastor of the Bellefonte United Brethren church.

Harry Alters is home after spending the summer at Shamokin, where he operated a shooting gallery. He met with gratifying success. Next week he will have his shooting gallery at the grangers picnic.

The venerable Henry Thompson, of near Howard, genial and enjoying his usual good health, was a Bellefonte visitor last Thursday, coming especially to spend a few hours at the fair. He made the trip in an automobile.

Charles E. Fisher, of Danville, spent Sunday at the Fisher homestead at Boalsburg. While in Bellefonte between trains on Monday morning he favored us with a call. It would not be surprising were Mr. Fisher to again make his home in Centre County in the next year or two.

George Waite, Jr., and Joe Thal are home with their Ocean Wave machine, after a successful season on the road with Harry Copping's Carnival Company. They visited seventeen cities and towns, many of them in Ohio, and cleaned up a neat sum of money. Next week they will have the Ocean Wave at the grangers picnic at Centre Hall.

D. M. White, of Lock Haven, was a visitor in town last week and while here was a welcome caller at "The Republican" office. Mr. White is a former Scotia boy but for some time past he has made his home at Lock Haven. He is a carpenter by trade and has been engaged at State College, where a large number of buildings have been erected during the summer.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads last week went to Harrisburg to get a Chalmers, 1914, automobile, purchased through George A. Beezer. She was accompanied by Richard Weston and Mr. Beezer, who drove the car to Bellefonte. Miss Rebecca Jacobs accompanied them on the trip from Harrisburg to Bellefonte, returning to Mifflin on Sunday morning.

Frederick and Phil Reynolds and Miss Boyd, of Harrisburg, and Misses Sarah Hastings, Elizabeth Morris and Janet Scott motored to Boalsburg on Wednesday to attend a luncheon given by Theodore Davis Boal, Jr., and remained during the evening for dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McFarland. Mr. Boal was the guest of the Reynolds boys during fair week.

Miss Claire Reynolds has accepted a position as stenographer in the law offices of Fortney & Fortney. She was a pupil of W. R. Gainfort and under his guidance quickly developed into an expert stenographer. Miss Beulah Woods, whom she succeeds, has accepted a position as stenographer for the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

The men's Bible class of the United Brethren church will hold a social and business meeting in the Ladies' Aid Society room tomorrow evening. Rev. Walter F. Carson, of State College, pastor of the Presbyterian churches of Bald Eagle valley, will be the speaker of the evening. Mr. Carson was at one time pastor of the Milesburg Presbyterian church. All men are invited.

Thomas Mensch, son of Charles Mensch, of the "Keystone Gazette" had the misfortune to fall last week and fracture his left arm just above the wrist. Several weeks ago he injured the arm while at play in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, and it was just coming around nicely when he fell and fractured it. For a hustling, robust youngster the accident is a pretty severe trial, but Thomas seems to take it cheerfully, and that does away with half the burden.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Malcolm Spicer Verna E. Lutz	Bellefonte "
Robert Gibbons Elizabeth Smith	Decatur, Twp. Clfd. Co. "
Michael Santilla Marietta Tavano	Bellefonte. "
Lawrence McDonald Elizabeth Maggs	Philipsburg. Winburn.
James B. Moore Esther Pilkington	Philipsburg. "
Wm. J. Lowry Edith Mason	Troy, N. Y. "
Wm. W. Keichline Roxie Ralston	Bellefonte. "
Charley Womer Carrie Womer	Snow Shoe. "
Irvin Thomas Elsie N. Hartsock	Stormstown. "

ACADEMY TO OPEN

Fall Session Begins on Wednesday September 17, at Two O'clock.

The Bellefonte Academy will open its fall session on Wednesday, September 17th, at two o'clock, p. m., with the following Faculty:

Rev. James P. Hughes, A. M., Principal Emeritus—Mathematics.

James R. Hughes, A. M., Headmaster—Latin, Greek and Oratory.

Arthur H. Sloop, A. M., Assistant Headmaster—Physics, Chemistry and Higher Mathematics.

Helen E. Canfield Overton—Elementary English and Mathematics.

Isabella S. Hill, Ph. B.—English, Rhetoric and Literature.

Rev. George E. Hawes, D. D.—Bible History.

David L. Harstine, Ph. B.—Higher Mathematics.

Ellis C. Weller, A. B.—Book-keeping and Mathematics.

Robert M. Beach, Ph. D.—French and German.

George F. Reiter, Ph. B., Sc. M.—Biology, Chemistry and Mathematics.

David Freed Martin, Ph. B.—History, Ancient Languages and Civics.

Charles S. Hughes, A. B. Business Manager—Physical Geography and Mathematics.

Ellis C. Weller, Director of Athletics.

Terms

College Preparatory Division—per year including tuition, books, fees, etc., $100.00

Intermediate—per year, including tuition, books, fees, etc., $70.00

Paimary—$50.00; books extra.

$50 a Month Sunday Fines.

Pennsylvania is receiving about $50 a month from Sabbath breaking fines this year and at the present rate the income from this source will run ahead of the $544 of 1911 and the $500 of 1912. The fines are collected for such breaches of the law as baseball games, dances and other offenses against the peace and quiet of the Sabbath and it is a singular commentary that the bulk of the fines come from half a dozen counties. For a time Fayette, Washington and Westmoreland had some zealous officers of the law who made numerous arrests and sent fines to the State, but lately the seats of activity have been in Clearfield, Columbia and Chester counties with an occasional fine from a northern county. Last month $58.80 was received from such fines and in June $48. All of the revenue from this source goes to the sinking fund for the redemption of the State debt, which by the way is considerably larger than all of the outstanding bonds.

Commissioner Bigelow Indicted.

The grand jury in Schuylkill County last Saturday indicted State Highway Commissioner Bigelow, Chief Engineer Samuel A. Foster, District Superintendent G. C. Langenheim, of Allentown, and State Road Inspector Charles E. Sterner, of Pottsville, for allowing many of the roads in that county to remain impassable. The indictment charges that the roads in their present condition are common nuisances. Judge Bumm directed that the indictment be sent up and bench warrants were issued for the arrest of the parties named. The defense will be that money is not available for the work. This is the first case in Pennsylvania where the State Highway Department officials have been indicted because of the condition of roads.

"Play Demonstration."

On Wednesday, next, at 1.30 P. M., there will be given at the grangers picnic, at Centre Hall, under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association of Centre County, a "Play Demonstration" for the school teachers of the entire county. This will consist of practical demonstrations of group, team, and other games for boys and girls, with an explanation of a comprehensive plan for rural school athletics. This will be for the benefit of those teachers who appreciate the high physical and moral value of play, and who would be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity to learn new out-door games such as will be presented at that time. All school teachers are urged to attend, in company with their pupils.

Married at Lock Haven.

William Miller, of near Howard, and Miss Hazel Mace, of Lock Haven, were married at the latter place on Saturday of last week. The nuptial ceremony was performed at the home of the bride by Rev. Dr. A. Lawrence Miller, pastor of the Trinity Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will reside in Lock Haven.

Cupid at The Fair.

Cupid was busy at the County Fair in Bellefonte last week, guiding Miss Elsie N. Hartsock and Lewis Thomas, both of Stormstown, to wedded bliss. The young couple were married by Squire Musser on Thursday, the ceremony being performin the Brockerhoff House parlors.

Off to Williamsport.

Company L, Twelfth Regiment, of Bellefonte, departed at 9.25 o'clock this morning for Williamsport to participate in the parade during the Old Home Week celebration. The entire regiment will be in line.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year.

Fall Readiness

THE SIM STORE

WITH NEW THINGS FOR MEN AND BOYS

Daily the Sim Store is beginning to don its Fall and Winter Air--Merchandise fast coming in and generous showing now of the things you'll see worn most for Fall and Winter, 1913--1914.

New Suits for Men and Boys, Raincoats, Overcoats, Neckwear, Hats, Caps, Sweaters, Mackinaw Coats for Women, Men and Boys:

But while it may be a trifle early for you to be interested in all or any of these goods, yet we are ready and will be pleased to show you.

We've spent lots of time and effort to the sort of new things we've here, dependable, trustworthy, fashionable new things; the kind we feel you would care most for. How well we've succeeded can best be told when once you see them. Those who have already inspected them have been loud in their praise, you can't help but be impressed with this showing.

And everything that's shown is sold at prices that are moderate, furthermore we stand back of every piece of merchandise we sell with the broadest guarantee of absolute satisfaction to the wearer. Such things should interest you--Sooner or later you'll be a Sim Clothes wearer--then you'll get the utmost clothes satisfaction--Better start now.

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